

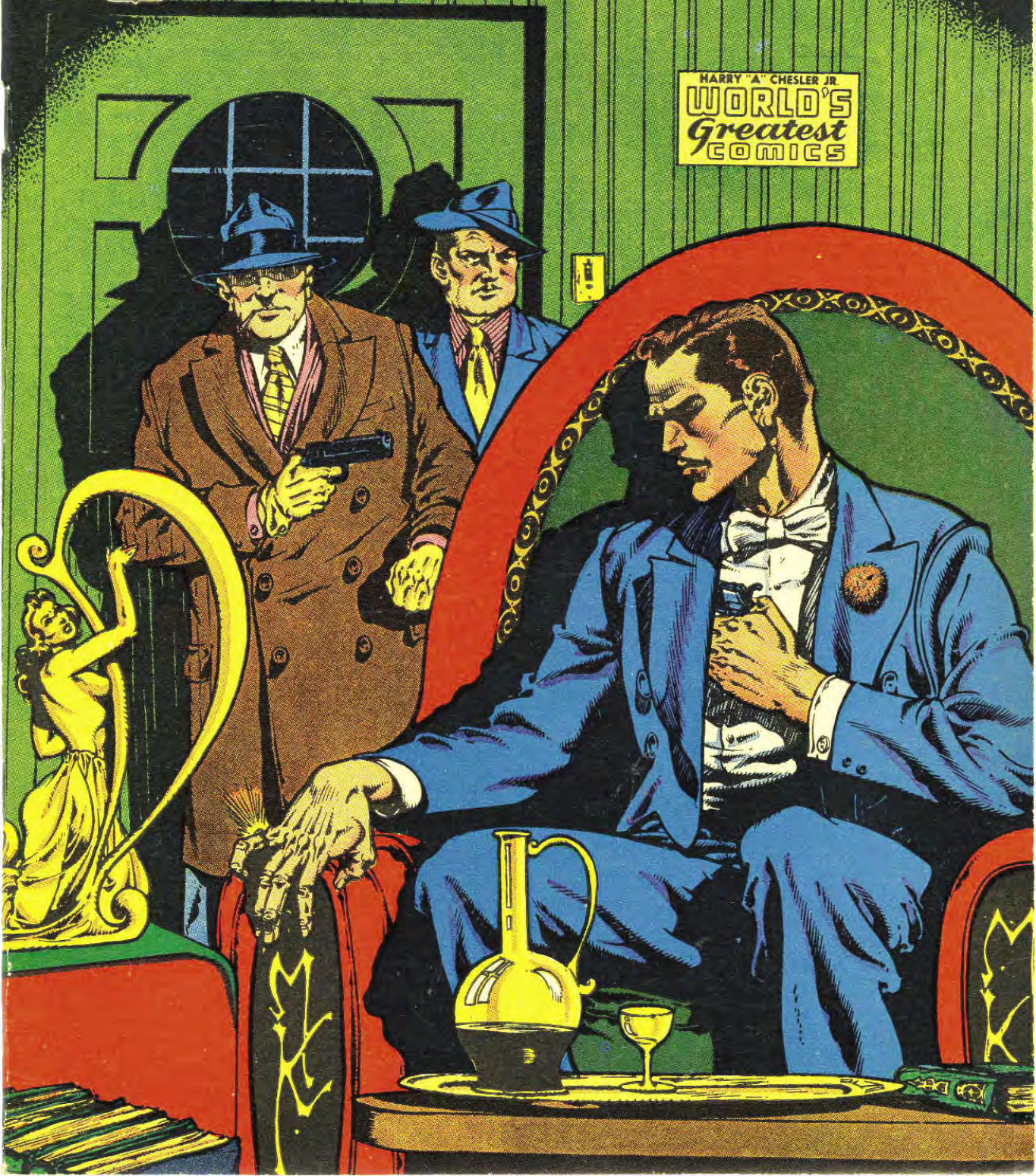
P.
D.
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PUNCH

COMICS

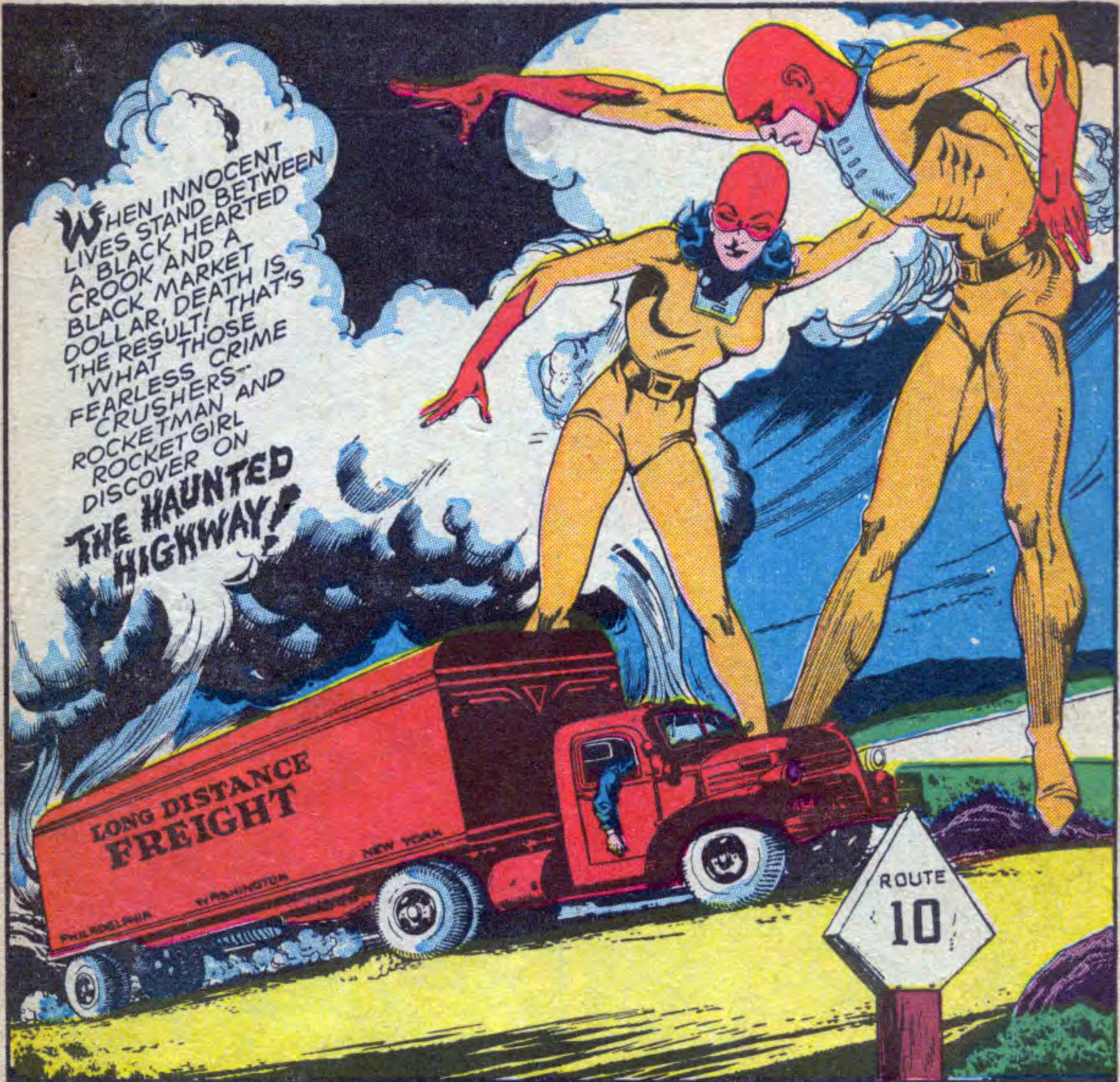
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HARRY 'A' CHESLER JR.
WORLD'S
Greatest
COMICS

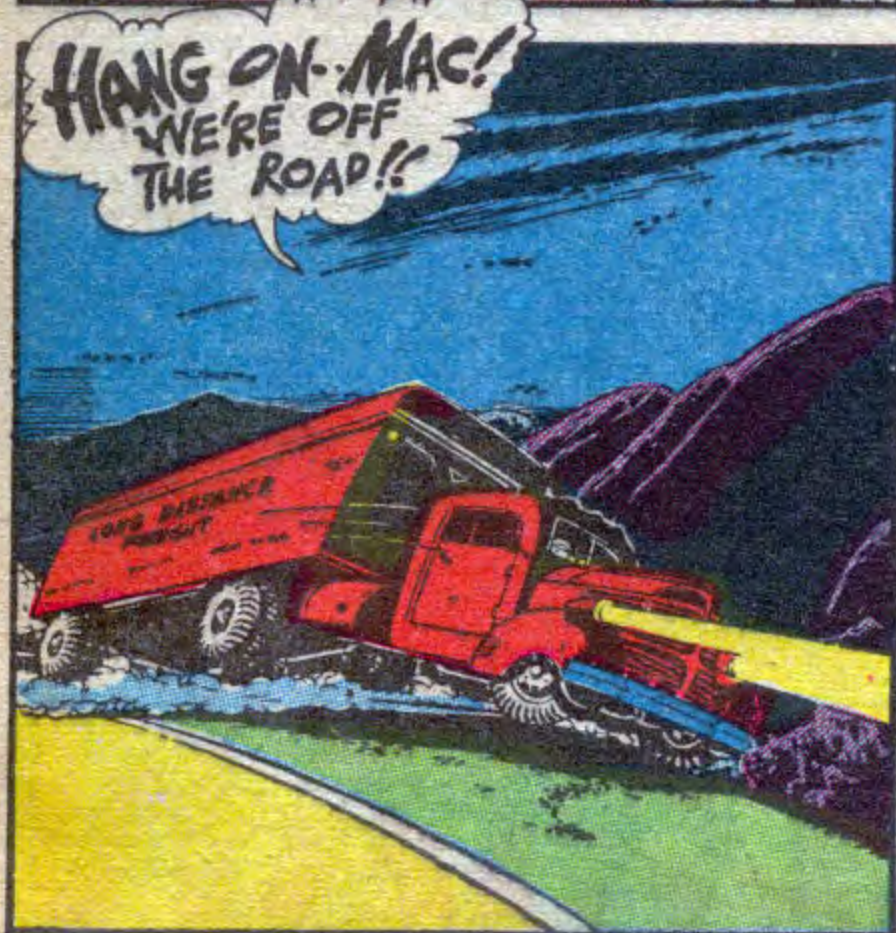
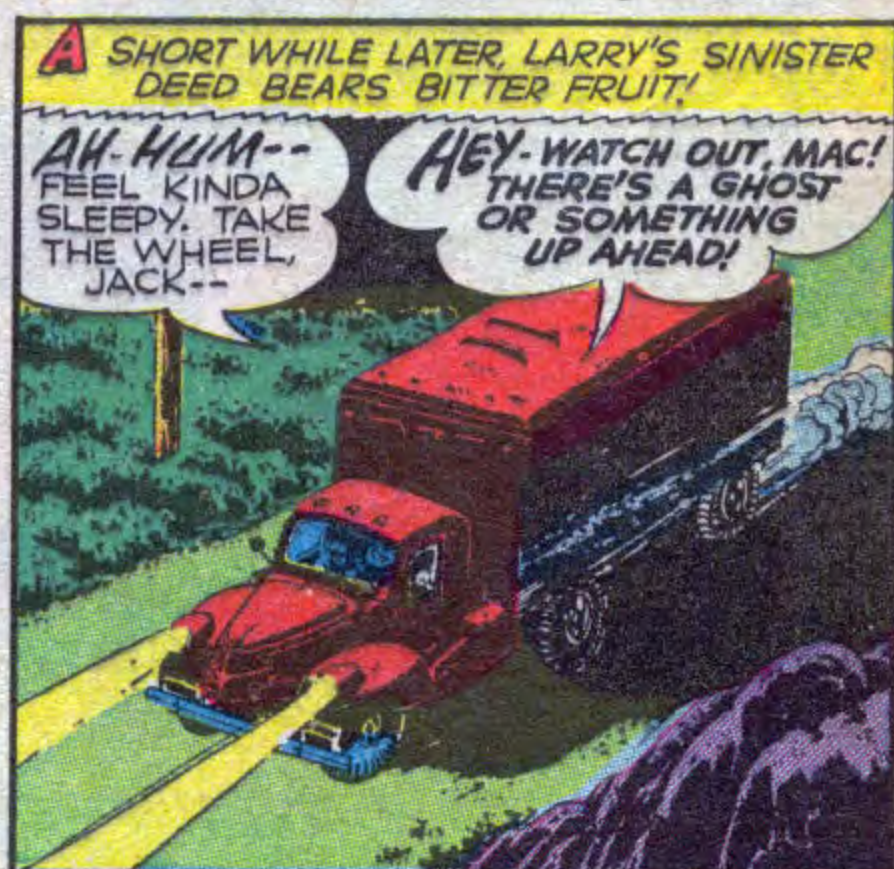


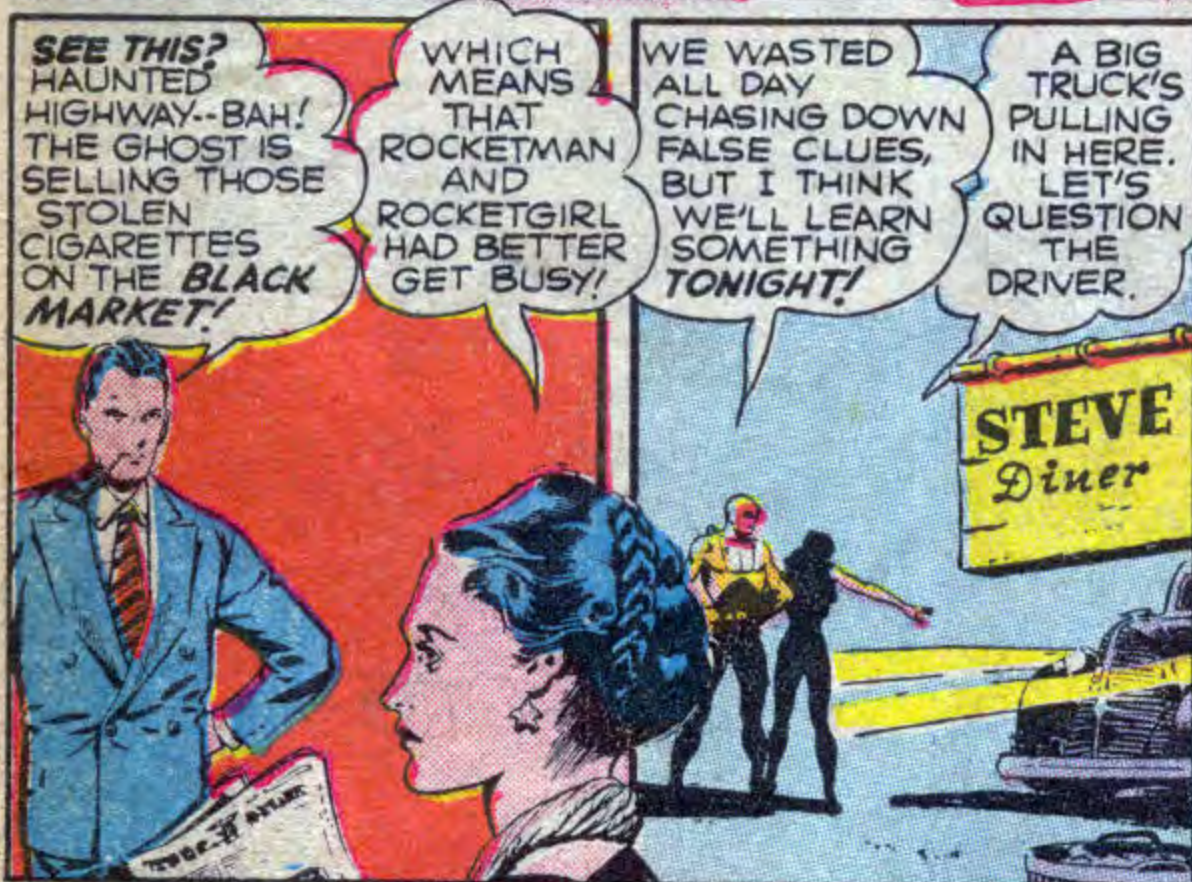


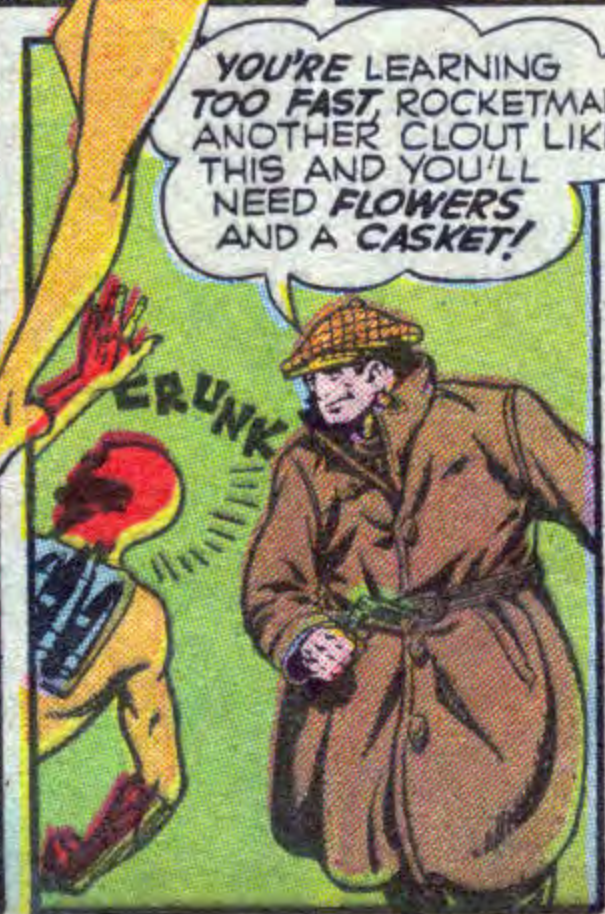
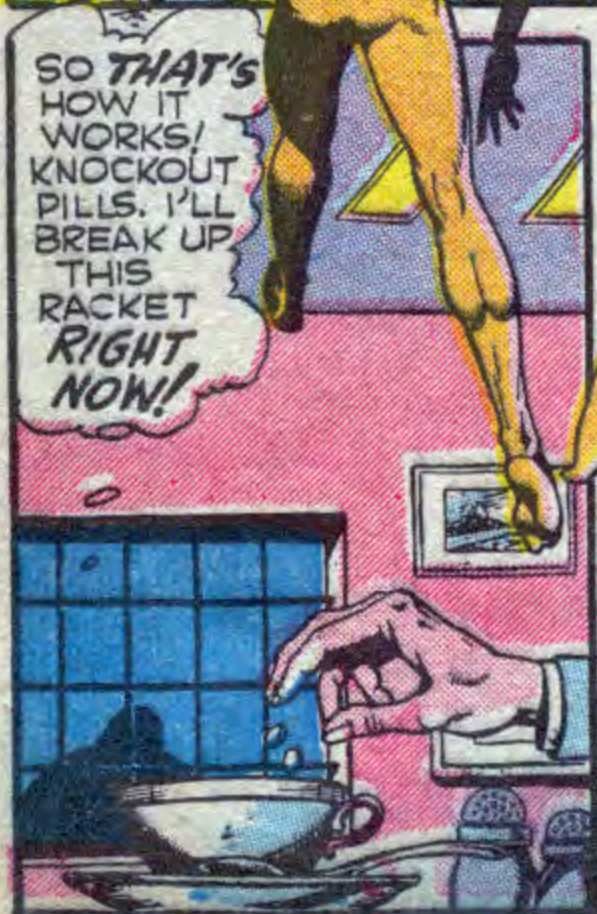
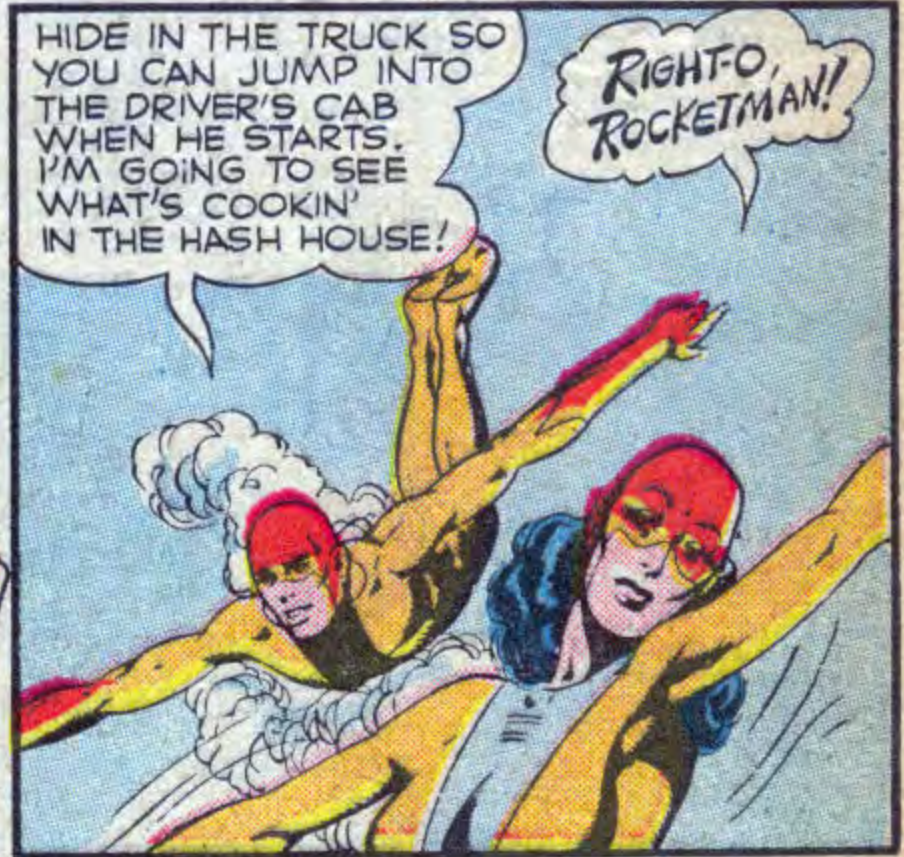
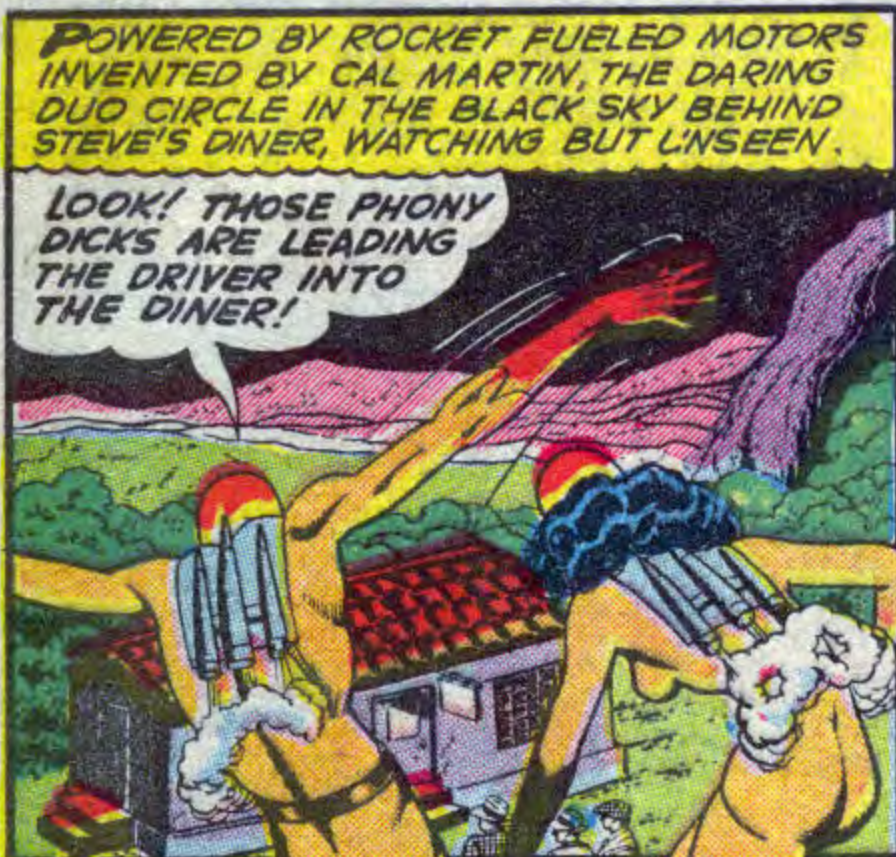
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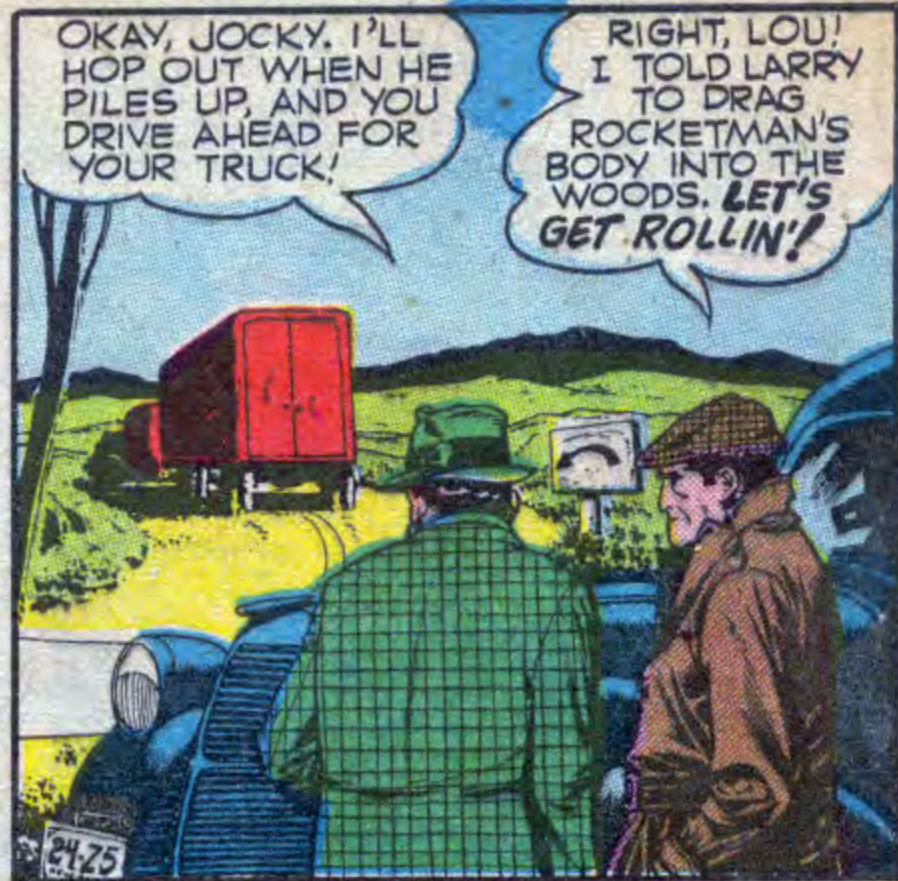


ROCKETMAN











LOCKED YOURSELF
IN, HUH? LUCKY
I GOT HERE, THE
DRIVER'S UNCONSCIOUS!
AND THE CAB'S
ON FIRE!

**DUCK AROUND
THE SIDE, QUICK!
HERE COME
THE HIJACK
KILLERS!**



I WINGED
ROCKETMAN!
RUSH AROUND
THE FRONT
AND BLAST
THE GAL!



TRIPPED!
CURSE THE
LUCK! LOST
MY ROD, BUT
I'LL FINISH
HIM WITH
MY BARE
HANDS!



THIS WILL
DO MORE
DAMAGE THAN
THE SHOT THAT
GRAZED ME!

UUHH?



**DROP THAT
HEATER, JERK!**
WHEN THIS
TRUCKLOAD OF
CIGGIES LIGHTS
UP, IT WILL BE
HOT ENOUGH
AROUND
HERE!

**WHY--
YOU--
ODD!
MY
WRIST!**



LUCKY
ROCKETMAN
LEFT THAT
NOTE ON
LARRY!
THIS IS
IT!

EASY
DOES IT,
PAT!
THAT
WAS LOU
STANZA'S
CAR AND
HE'S QUICK
ON THE
TRIGGER!



LARRY
SPILLED THE
LOWDOWN
ON THE WAY
HERE. IT TOOK
FAST THINKING
TO OUTWIT
LOU STANZA,
ROCKETMAN!

**YOU'RE
TELLING ME!**
BUT WE
KNOCKED
A HOLE IN
THE
CIGARETTE
BLACK
MARKET AND
CORRALLED
THREE
CUSTOMERS
FOR THE
ELECTRIC
CHAIR!

HEATING THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IS A TOUGH TASK AS ANY KILLER WILL TELL YOU ~RAY CARDELL, PARK AVENUE PLAYBOY, DIDN'T AROUSE UNDERWORLD SUSPICION WHEN HE IDENTIFIED A DEAD MAN WHOM HE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN, BECAUSE GANGDOM DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT RAY WAS REALLY THE **MASTER KEY** IN DISGUISE! ~ BUT THE MASTER KEY'S LIFE HUNG BY A THREAD WHEN HE HEARD A COUGH FROM THE COFFIN OF A KILLER!



MASTER KEY

OKAY, BOSS, THE COAST IS CLEAR!

KEEP YOUR HAND ON YOUR COAST ARTILLERY, MACK. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS!

OH, GOOD EVENING, MISTER KARLEY! WASN'T IT AWFUL ABOUT JAKE ZIGSWORT DYIN' SO SUDDEN?

PNEUMONIA WAS A MORE COMFORTABLE WAY THAN THE CHAIR, BABY!

RAY! THAT MAN'S GOT A GUN! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT J.B. KARLEY!

DIVE TO THE FLOOR-- MARCIA! I'M GRABBING THAT GUNSEL!

DUCK. EVERYBODY! IN A SECOND, THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE WORSE THAN GUADALCANAL!

THIS TIME, THE FINGER'S ON YOU, J.B.!

DROP THAT GUN, YOU IDIOT!

THIS IS A RESPECTABLE CLUB, JERK! KILL YOUR FRIENDS ELSEWHERE!

BUDDY-- YOU'RE GONNA DIE FOR INTERFERING WITH MY BUSINESS!

SPEED HERNAN! KILL THE RAT, MACK! WE CAN CALL IT SELF-DEFENSE!

WITH PLEASURE, BOSS-- WITH PLEASURE! TAKE THIS, PUNK!

AAAAH!! YOU DIRTY -ER--OH-

OKAY, MR. KARLEY, NOW CALL OFF YOUR BODYGUARD, YOU KILLED HIM!



RAY CARDELL IS MAD-- DEFINITELY! GOING TO THE RESCUE OF J.B. KARLEY, A CHEAP, CROOKED POLITICIAN!

TAKE IT, EASY-- MARCIA! YOUR PLAYBOY FRIEND HASN'T BEEN IN THE HEADLINES FOR WEEKS. GIVE HIM A BREAK!



SPORTING OF YOU, MR. CARDELL. THANKS, HERNAN ACCUSED ME OF HIRING JAKE ZIGSWORT TO KILL HIS PARTNER, ED VOGT.

VOGT AND HERNAN WERE THE TOWN'S BIGGEST RACETRACK BOOKIES. YOU TAKING OVER, J.B.?

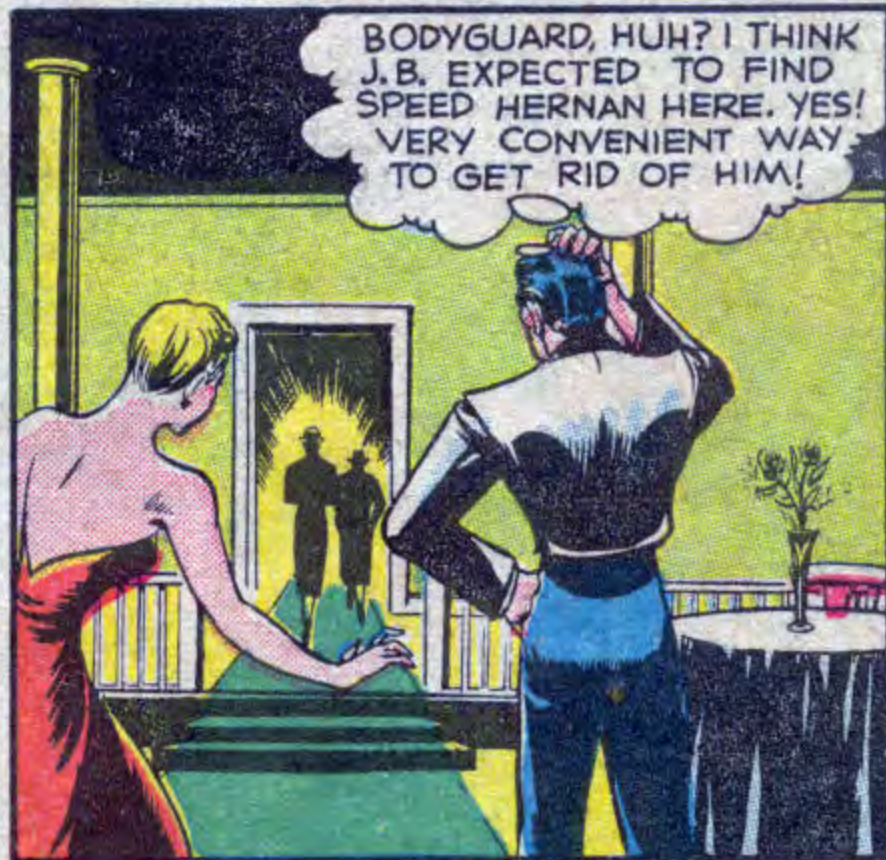


ME- A BOOKMAKER? LOOK, CARDELL, YOU KNOW MY RECORD'S CLEAN. AS ALDERMAN FROM THE FIFTH DISTRICT, I'M A STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF LAW AND ORDER!



DON'T HORSE AROUND, BOSS. HERNAN'S SLUG CHIPPED YOUR COLLARBONE. YOU NEED A DOC!

OKAY, MACK, ER-- MR. CARDELL. THIS IS MACK RUANE, MY BODYGUARD.



BODYGUARD, HUH? I THINK J.B. EXPECTED TO FIND SPEED HERNAN HERE. YES! VERY CONVENIENT WAY TO GET RID OF HIM!



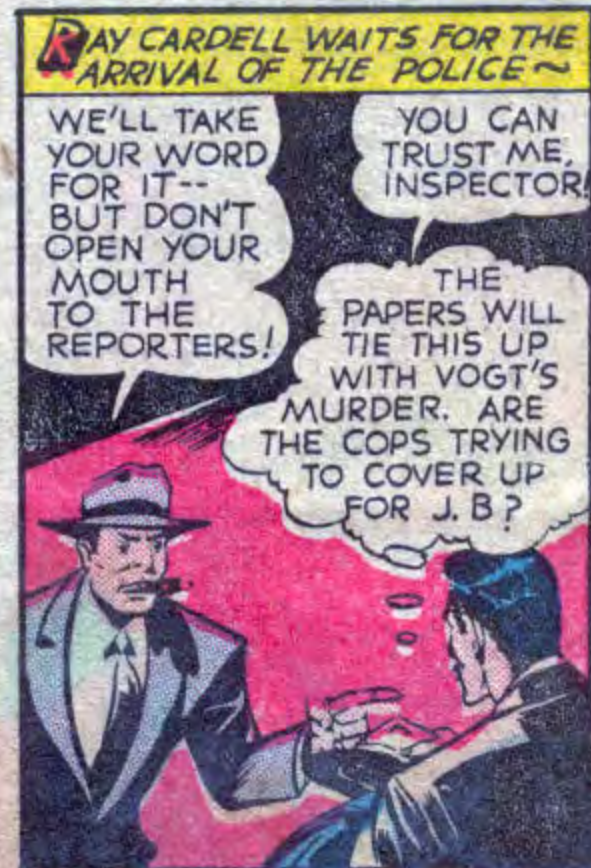
I-I TOLD YOU NOT TO KILL HIM, DARLING! IF THE COPS FIND JAKE IN THE MORGUE, WE'LL ALL GET THE CHAIR. I'M GONNA FAINT-- I CANT FACE--

PLEASE, SISTER! UH? OH! I SEE!!



IS THIS YOUR IDEA, OF FUN-- MR. CARDELL? WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!

BUT, MARCIA YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS DOLORES DUGAN, J.B.'S PAPER DOLL. SHE'S OFF HER TROLLEY!



RAY CARDELL WAITS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE~

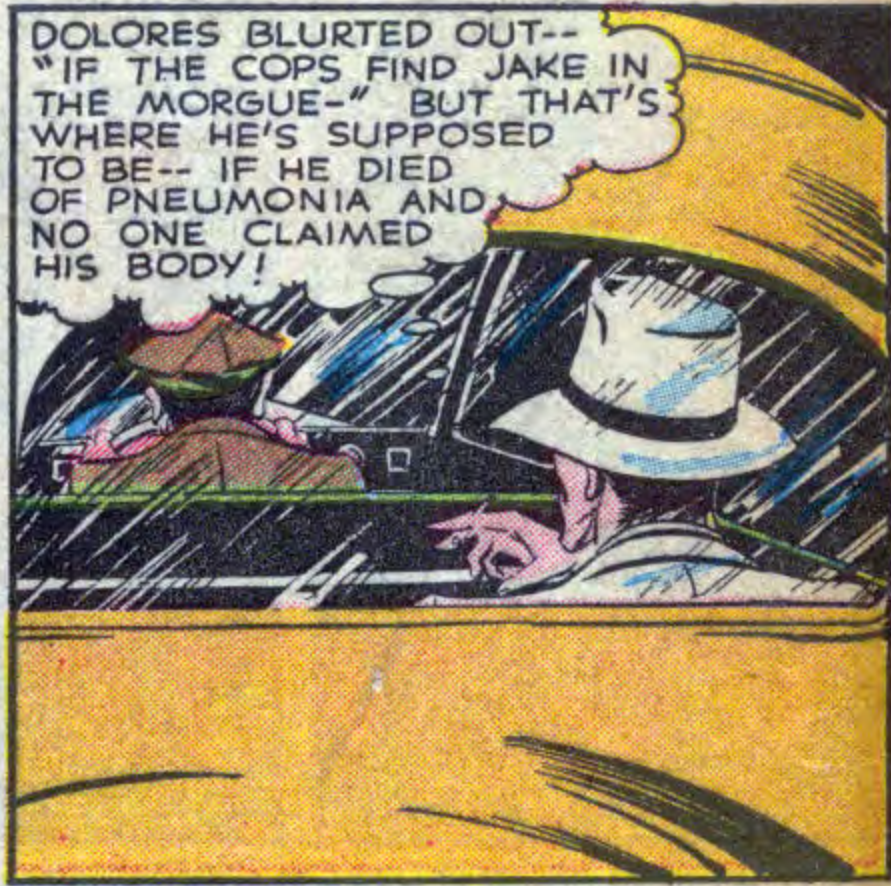
WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT-- BUT DON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO THE REPORTERS!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, INSPECTOR!

THE PAPERS WILL TIE THIS UP WITH VOGT'S MURDER. ARE THE COPS TRYING TO COVER UP FOR J.B.?



CITY HOSPITAL
MORTUARY, DRIVER!
--AND STEP ON IT!



DOLORES BLURTED OUT--
"IF THE COPS FIND JAKE IN
THE MORGUE--" BUT THAT'S
WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED
TO BE-- IF HE DIED
OF PNEUMONIA AND
NO ONE CLAIMED
HIS BODY!



WHAT'S YOUR
RUSH, MISTER?
THERE AIN'T NO
PHONE BOOTHS
IN THIS JOINT!

HUH? ER--
LAY OFF
ME, BUD--
I'VE GOT TO
IDENTIFY
A BODY
INSIDE!



ACTS LIKE HE WUZ
TELLIN' THE TRUTH.
J. B. WOULD TIP ME
IF THE COPS SMELLED
A RAT AFTER TONIGHT'S
RUN IN WITH HERNAN!



I WANT TO
CHECK ON
THE BODIES.
MY BROTHER
IS MISSING
THREE DAYS
AND ---

POLICE
DEPARTMENT
DIDN'T PHONE
ME YOU WERE
COMING--
MISTER, BUT
I GUESS IT'S
ALL RIGHT--



THE ATTENDANT SHOWS RAY
SEVENTEEN BODIES, BUT NOT ONE
RESEMBLES JAKE ZIGSWORT.

DIDN'T YOU
OVERLOOK
THIS CORPSE?
LET ME
SEE IT!

GET AWAY!
POLICE ORDERS
THAT NOBODY
TOUCH THAT BODY!



AS THE ATTENDANT TURNS, THE
MASTER KEY'S X-RAY BEAM
FLASHES THROUGH THE PANEL.

NOW--COME ON--
MISTER, THERE
GOES MY PHONE!

OKAY, I THINK
I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH!





SOMETHING TELLS ME J.B. PULLED A FAST ONE ON JAKE ZIGSWORT --AND THAT JAKE DOESN'T KNOW IT!



THE SERVICES FOR MR. ZIGSWORT ARE PRIVATE-- BUT SINCE YOU SAY YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND--

YES-- THANK YOU-- I WANT TO PAY MY LAST RESPECTS TO POOR OLD JAKE!



THE MASTER KEY'S BEAM REVEALS A "COUGHING" CORPSE.

CAUGHT A BAD COLD AT THE MORGUE, EH, JAKE? SOMEBODY JUST CLOSED THE LID-- OR YOU'D HAVE SUFFOCATED BEFORE NOW!



MY BEAM MELTED THE LATCH. COME OUT AND FACE THE MUSIC, JAKE!

THEY'LL PLAY THE FUNERAL MARCH FOR YOU, WISE GUY!



DROP THAT CHOPPER, CHUMP! KARLEY AND MACK WERE GOING TO BURY YOU ALIVE!

YEAH? WHEN THE CORONER SAYS YOU'RE DEAD, HE WON'T BE KIDDING!



THE STATE PEN'S ELECTRIC BILL IS GOING TO BE HIGH NEXT MONTH, AFTER YOU AND KARLEY AND MACK GET THE HOT SEAT!



A TIP FROM MASTER KEY SENDS THE INSPECTOR TO KARLEY'S.

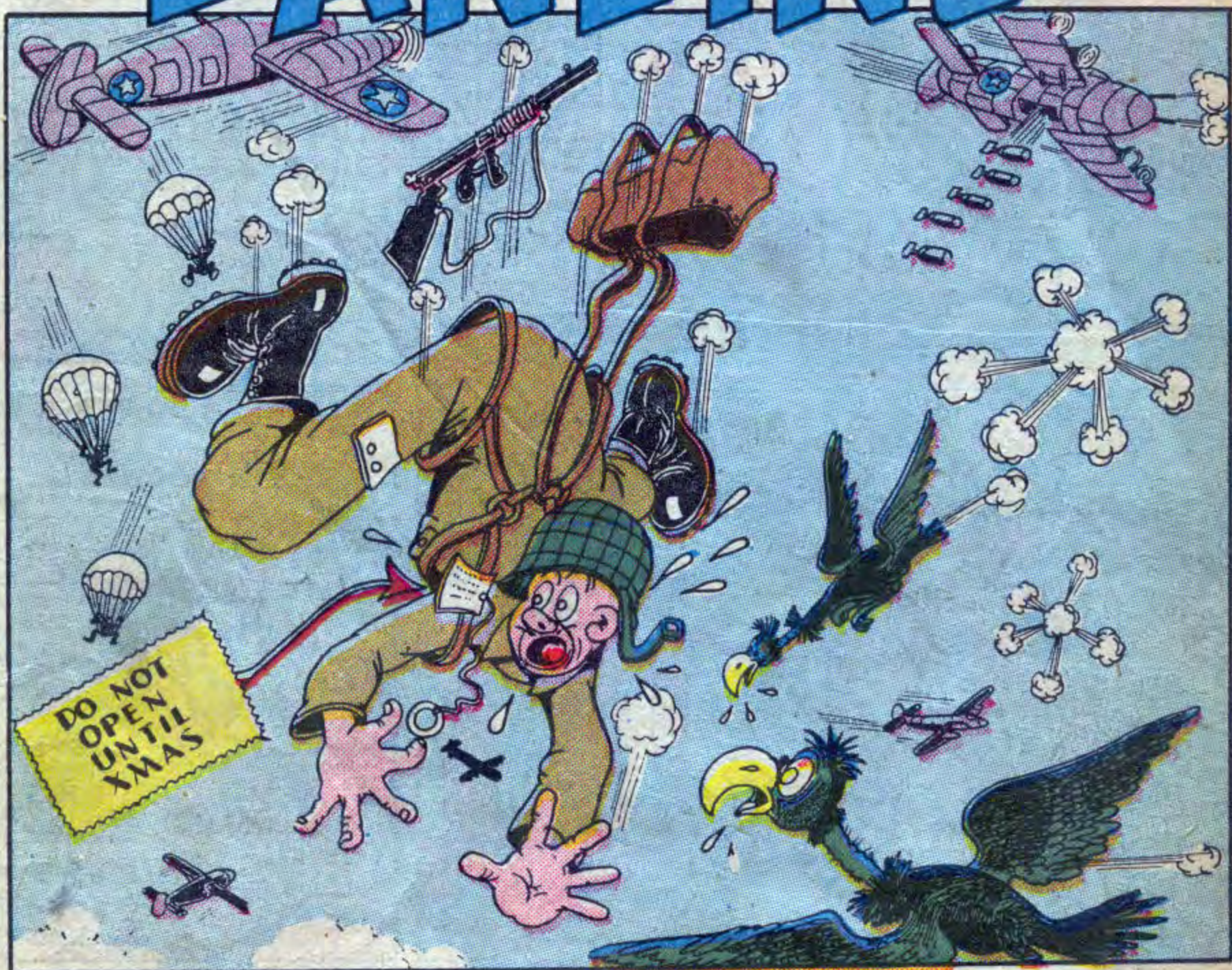
THE JIG IS UP, J.B. JAKE AND DOC LAPHAM ARE EATING BREAKFAST IN THE CLINK-- AND YOU TWO ARE JOINING 'EM!

THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. HOW'DYA SNEAK IN, COPPER?



NO LOCK IS TOO TOUGH FOR THE MASTER KEY TO TACKLE-- EXCEPT PERHAPS THE ONE THAT PROTECTS A CERTAIN GIRL'S HEART!

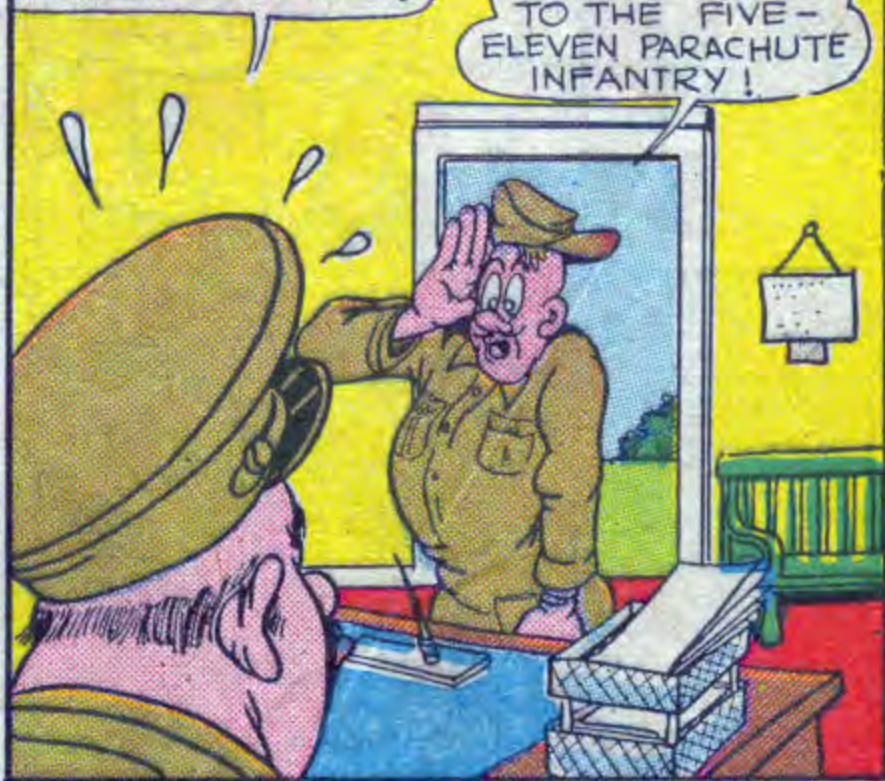
"HAPPY" LANDING



DYNAMITE! IMAGINE A LITTLE SQUIRT
LIKE HE - KNOCKING ME FOR A LOOP
I'M GONNA GET TRANSFERRED
TO THE FIVE-ELEVEN!



YOU AGAIN! NOW
WHAT IS IT,
PRIVATE LANDING?



MAJOR LAFF -
I WANT TO GET
TRANSFERRED
TO THE FIVE-
ELEVEN PARACHUTE
INFANTRY!

WITH PLEASURE,
MY BOY. WE'LL BE
DEE-LIGHTED TO
GET RID OF YOU!

WELL-
GEE--
THANKS,
MAJOR.



BOY! IS HAPPY A FALL
GUY FOR PUNISHMENT!
THE FIVE-ELEVEN IS
STRICTLY SECOND
ARMY CHICKEN
FEATHERS!

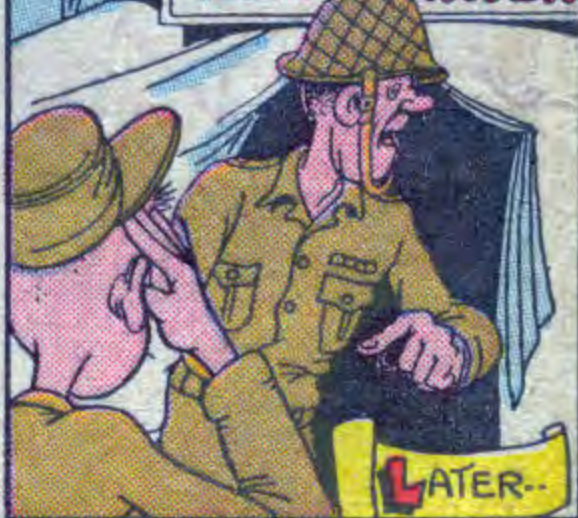
I'LL SHOW
THOSE GUYS!



PRIVATE LANDING
REPORTING FOR
DUTY, SIR!

SERGEANT, GIVE
THIS G.I. A
PACK AND SEND
HIM OUT WITH
REINFORCEMENTS.

HEADQUARTER



LATER--

GET IN THAT C-54-
AND STAY IN!

BOY, THE FIVE-
ELEVEN AIN'T NO
GOLDBRICKING
OUTFIT!



HAPPY LANDING? YEAH,
WE'VE HEARD RUMORS
ABOUT YOU, KID.
BAD RUMORS!

WHO ME? WHY, I
NEVER DONE
NOTHIN'!

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT
WE HEARD. BUT
YOU'RE GONNA BE
DOIN' SOMETHING
PRETTY SOON, HAPPY!

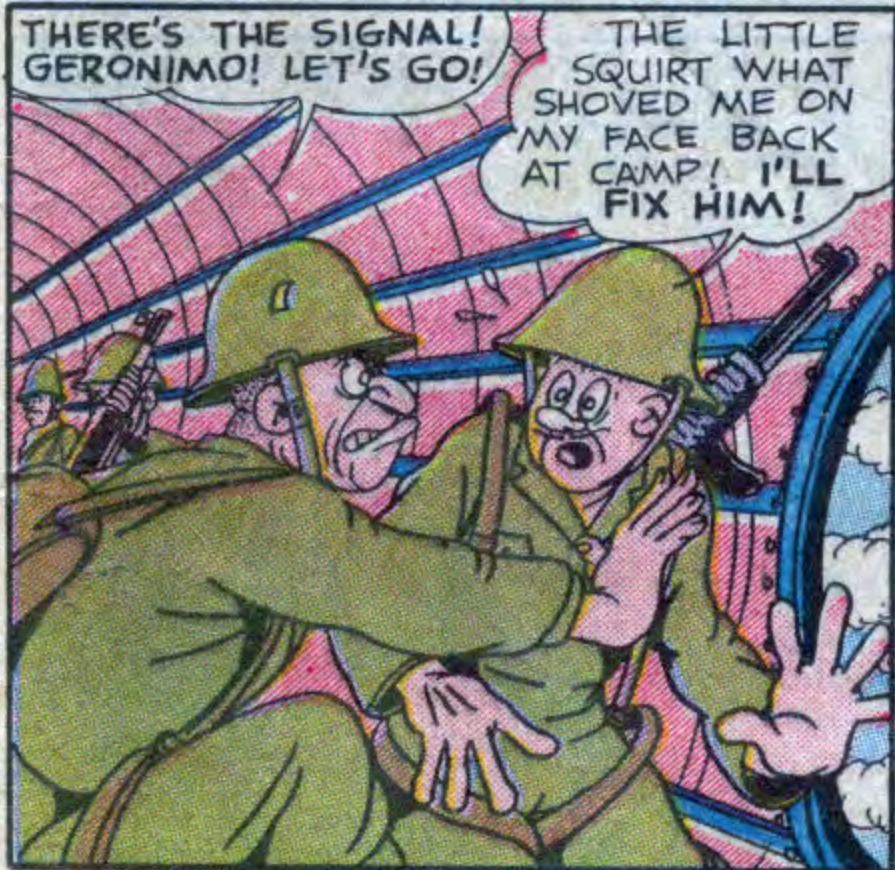


WATCH FOR THE GREEN LIGHT
BEHIND THE PILOT'S CABIN, MEN.
WHEN IT FLASHES, OUT YOU GO!
ANYBODY AFRAID?



THERE'S THE SIGNAL!
GERONIMO! LET'S GO!

THE LITTLE
SQUIRT WHAT
SHOVED ME ON
MY FACE BACK
AT CAMP! I'LL
FIX HIM!



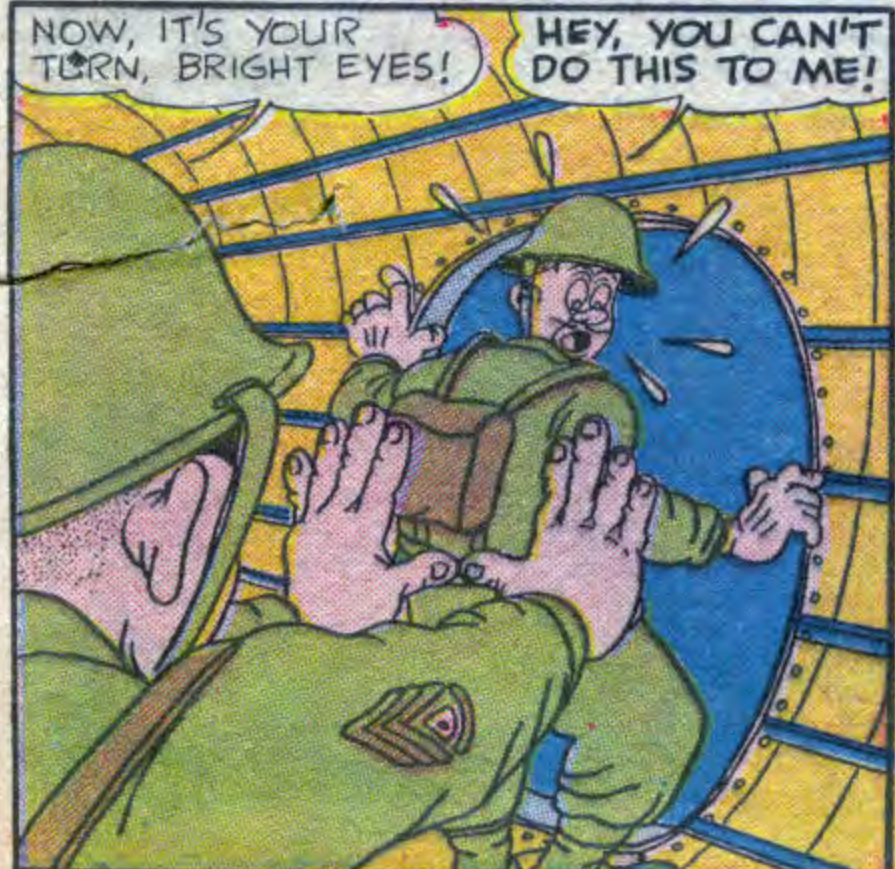
REMEMBER
ME, SMALL FRY?



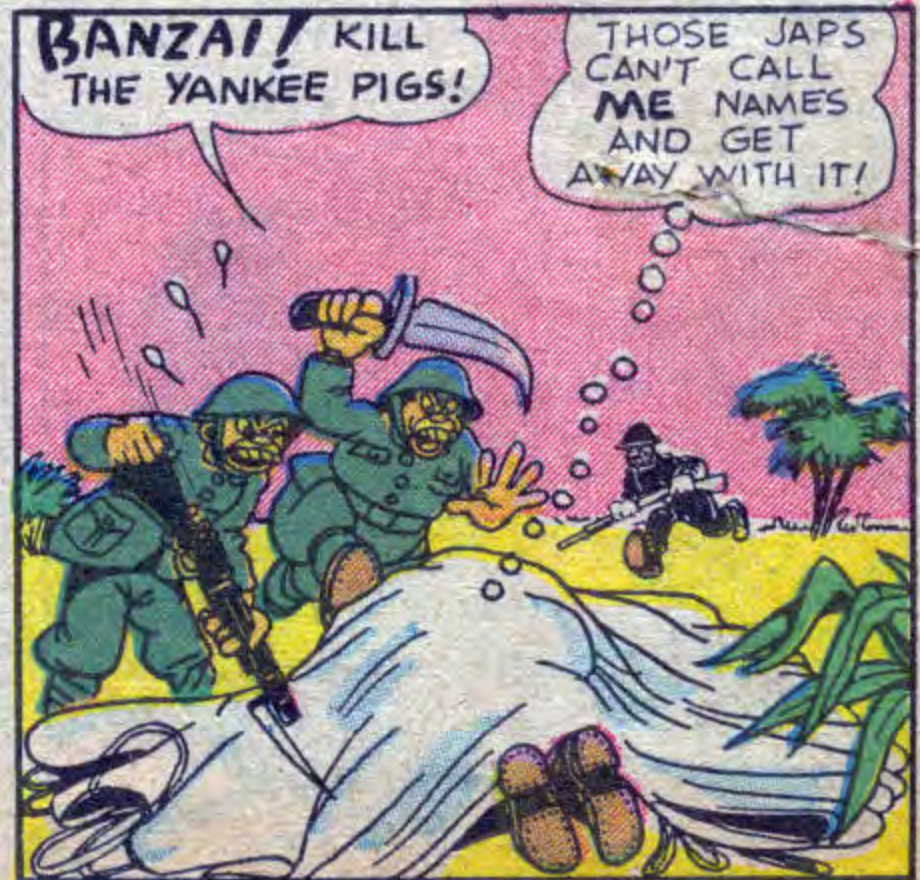
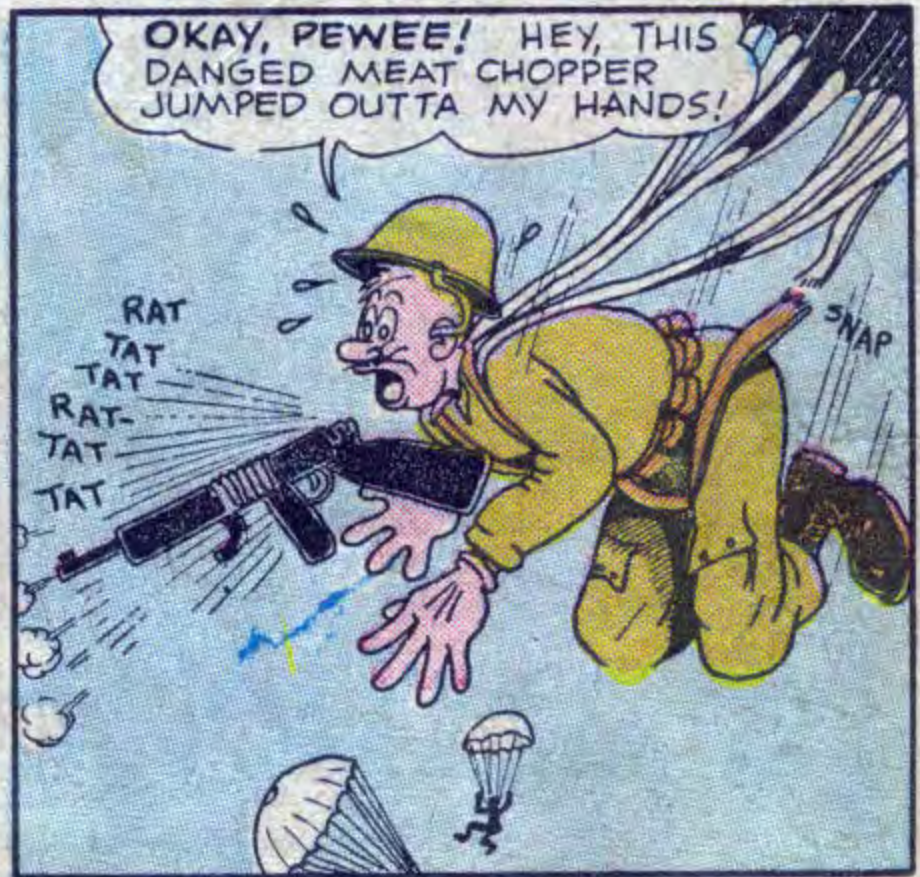
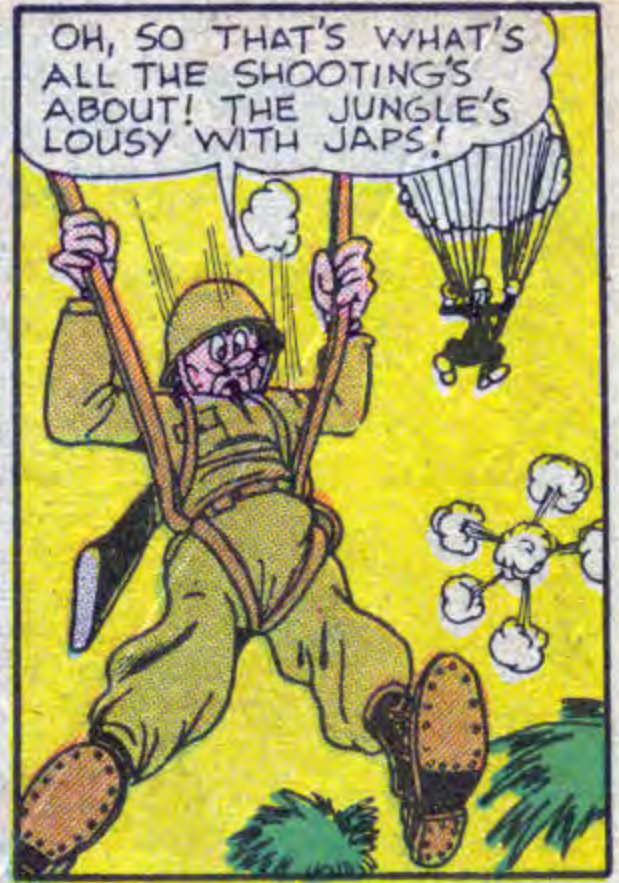
WHY, YOU!
YOU'LL FRY
FOR THIS,
SLAP HAPPY!

NOW, IT'S YOUR
TURN, BRIGHT EYES!

HEY, YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!



HOLY SMOKES!
THE CORD SNAPPED.
AM I IN A PICKLE!!!



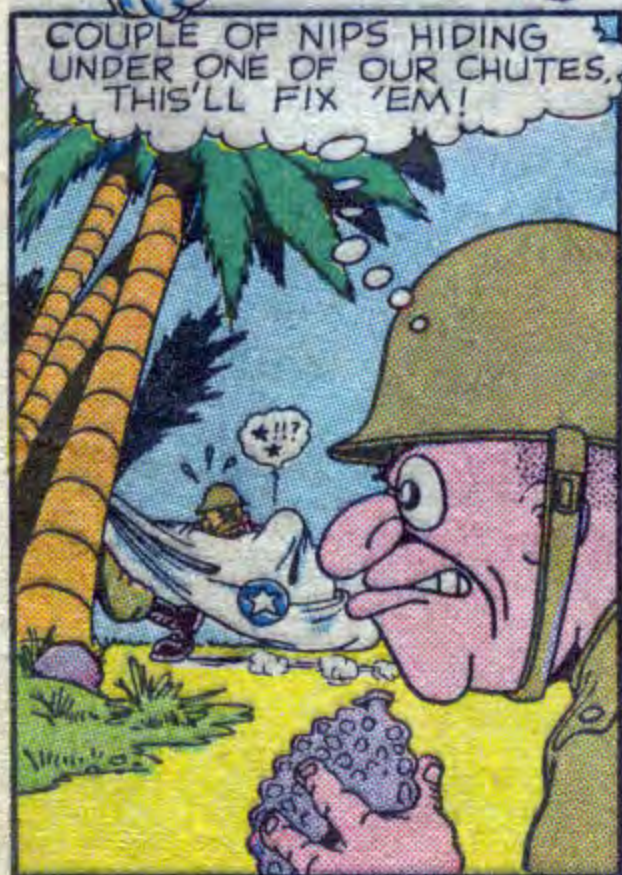


I'LL TAKE THE TWO OF YOUSE TO BROOKLYN AS SOOVENEERS!



HEY, HALF-PINT! WHAT D'YUH WANT DONE WITH THESE MONKEYS?

★!!?
★!!



COUPLE OF NIPS HIDING UNDER ONE OF OUR CHUTES. THIS'LL FIX 'EM!



CRIPES! I SHOULDA BELIEVED THE SARGE WHEN HE SAID JAPS WUZ DYNAMITE. ONE OF 'EM HERE MUST'VE BLOWN UP!



YOU! WHAT WERE YOU DOIN', HAPPY? TAKING THOSE JAPS FOR A JOYRIDE?

NAW! I JUST CAPTURED 'EM. WHAT DIDJA HAFTA KILL 'EM FOR?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SARGE? I JUST JUNKED TWO JAPS!

YEAH, BOYS, BUT FILIPINO REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMIN' OVER THE HILL. OUR JOB'S FINISHED!

?



THEN, IT'S TIME WE WERE GETTIN' BACK FOR CHOW!

YOU'RE ON THE BALL CHOWHOUND! LET'S GO!

THEY'RE PALS NOW!

THE

Gay DESPERADO

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, JIM COLLINS DODGES THE LAW DISGUISED AS THE GAY DESPERADO. THE PRICE ON HIS HEAD MOUNTS AS HE SMASHES THROUGH THE INNER SANCTUAMS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN SEARCH OF THE COLD-BLOODED GUNMAN WHO BUILT THE FOOLPROOF FRAME-UP AGAINST HIM.



EASY DOES IT, JIM! THIS IS THE TOUGHEST HANGOUT ALONG THE BORDER!

-- AND A VERY LIKELY DIVE TO FIND A GUNMAN NAMED DAVE DWYER!



THE GAY DESPERADO! HE'S COMIN' IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, AMIGOS!!

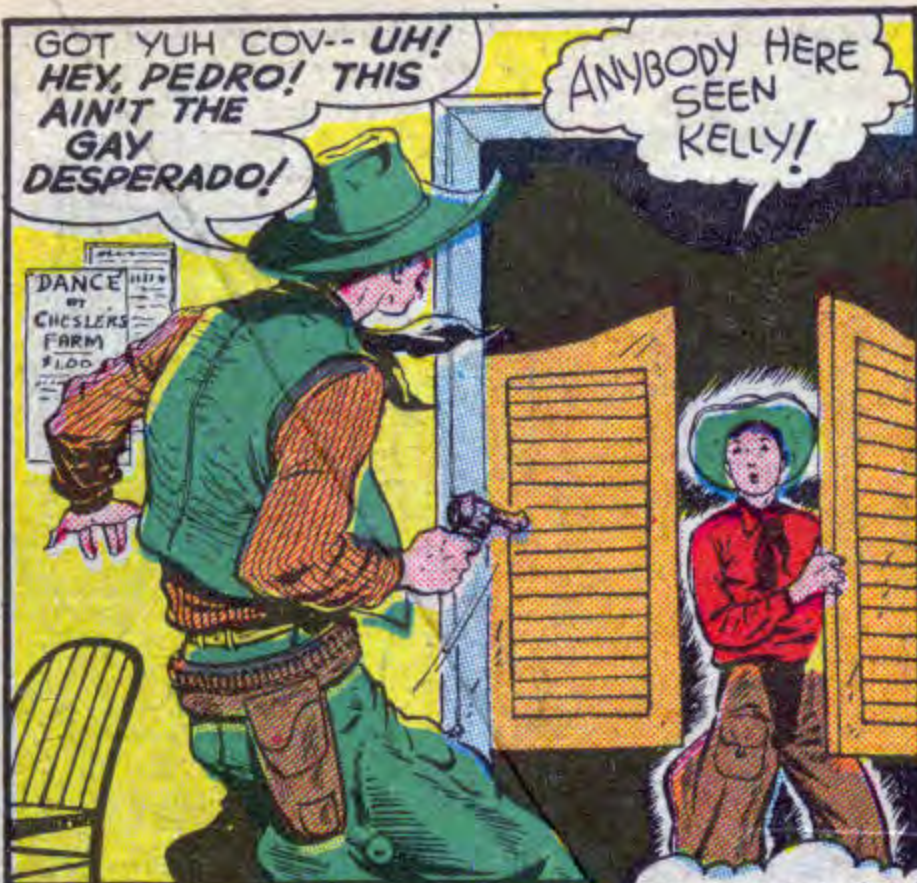
HE'S BEEN TRAILIN' ME, BUT THIS IS THE PAYOFF!



NOW, WATCH YOUR STEP, PATSY! THEY'RE EXPECTING ME!

OKAY, JIM BUT DON'T DISAPPOINT 'EM OR I'LL BE ON THE SPOT!





GOT YUH COV-- UH!
HEY, PEDRO! THIS
AIN'T THE
GAY
DESPERADO!

ANYBODY HERE
SEEN
KELLY!



WHO YOU,
KID? WHO
EES THEES
KELLY?

YOU COME WITHIN A
SECOND OF GETTING SHOT,
KID! WE WUZ
EXPECTIN'
THE GAY
DESPERADO!



EVENIN', DWYER!
KNEW YOU'D BE
DISAPPOINTED
IF I DIDN'T SHOW
UP HERE!

YOU-YOU
USED THE
KID FOR A DECOY!



HE EES NOW
GOING TO GET
EET EEN THE
NECK-- AS THE
YANQUIS SAY!

I'VE A
FEW
QUESTIONS
FOR YOU TO
ANSWER--
DWYER, MY
FRIEND!



OH-OH! I SEE
YOU HAVE
OTHER
FRIENDS,
TOO!

YOU LOUSE,
PEDRO! I
WAS GONNA
CONK HIM!



GO HOME AND
PRACTICE YOUR
KNIFE THROWING,
PEDRO!

WE'D BETTER **FINISH**
OUR BUSINESS BEFORE
THE **SHERIFF** SHOWS UP!



THEY TELL ME THAT YOU
KNOW THE LONE GUNMAN
WHO HELD UP THE PRAIRIE
NATIONAL BANK, DWYER!
**DON'T STALL! I WANT IT
STRAIGHT AND FAST!!**

THE LAW
WANTS A GUY
NAMED **JIM
COLLINS** FER
THE JOB!

I DIDN'T ASK YOU WHO THE LAW WANTS, DWYER. MY FINGER'S TIGHTENING ON THE TRIGGER! NOW WHO-?

THE WHITE MASK PULLED THAT JOB, PLANTING EVIDENCE THAT FRAMED COLLINS! BUT GIMME YOUR WORD YOU WON'T TELL WHO TIPPED YOU!

HOSSES! MUST BE THE SHERIFF COMIN'!

KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, DWYER, OR THE WHITE MASK WILL BE LOOKIN' FOR YOU IF HE BEATS ME TO THE DRAW!

HEY YOU! DAVE DWYER! WHICH WAY DID GAY DESPERADO GO?

HUH?--WHY, SHERIFF-- I AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM! (GULP!)

WE'RE GOIN' TO PICK UP THE WHITE MASK'S TRAIL, PATSY!

WITH THE SHERIFF ON OURS, THIS'LL BE A HOT CHASE!

IT'S THE GAY DESPERADO! SHOOT FOR HIS TIRES, CLEM!

NO LUCK, SHERIFF! MAKE A RUN FER YOUR CAR!

HOW WE DOIN', PATSY? THE SHERIFF'S SHOTS CAME CLOSE!

HE'S HIGHBALLING IT AFTER US, JIM, BUT WE CAN BEAT HIM!

THAT SHOT GOT HIM, SHERIFF! HE WON'T MAKE THE BORDER! HIS CAR'S CAREENING FOR THE DITCH!





HANG ON--PATSY!
THEY GOT OUR
TIRES THAT TIME!

OH--OH!
SMACK INTO
AN IRRIGATION
DITCH!



THE SHERIFF'S BURNING
UP THE ROAD! WE'VE
GOTTA SCRAM FOR
THE BORDER, PATSY!
YOU'RE NOT HURT?

NO--BUT I
FEEL LIKE A
TEAM OF MULES
HAD KICKED ME!
LET'S GO!



SPUR YOUR
HOSS, PATSY!
THEY'VE GOT
OUR RANGE!

YEAH--THEM
THINGS
WHIZZING
PAST MY
EAR AIN'T
**HONEY
BEES!**

IT'S A GOOD
THING WE'VE
GOT JACK
RABBIT BLOOD
IN OUR
VEINS, JIM!

UP AND
OVER,
PATSY!
THEY'VE
GOT NO
LEGAL
RIGHT TO
SHOOT US
WHEN WE'VE
CROSSED INTO
MEXICO!



THEY BEAT US
TO THE BORDER,
CLEM, BUT
MAYBE ONE
OF 'EM
DROPPED
A CLUE!

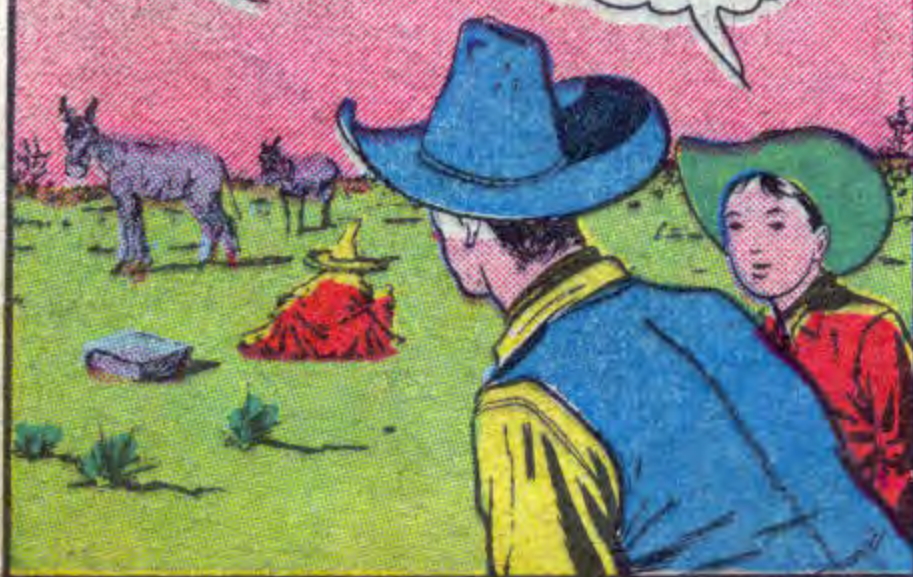
DOGGONE,
SHERIFF!
THAT
DESPERADO
HOMBRE IS
GONNA
MAKE TROUBLE
FER US! **WAIT
AND SEE!**



BY SUN-UP, THE GAY DESPERADO AND PATSY REACH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MEXICAN BADLANDS!

PSST--PATSY!
MOSEY OVER AND
UNHITCH THOSE
BURROS!

YOU AIN'T EXACTLY
GONNA **STEAL**
'EM, HUH?
OKAY!



CARAMBA!
EL DESPERADO!
DO NOT KEEL
ME, SENOR!

HERE'S
MONEY FOR
YOUR BURROS!
WOULD YOU KNOW
WHERE THE WHITE
MASK IS HIDING--
**FOR TEN DOLLARS
MORE?**



SI, SENOR DESPERADO!
WHITE MASK EES HIDING EEN
OLD SILVER MINE ON NORTH
SLOPE OF SKULL
MOUNTAIN!
THANK YOU,
SENOR!

THANK
YOU,
AMIGO!
BUENOS
DIAS!

TROUBLE WITH
THIS TYPE OF
TRANSPORTATION
IS THAT IT
ATTRACTS
DOG FLIES!

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH,
PATSY! YOU'LL **NEED**
IT WHEN WE REACH
THE OLD
SILVER
MINE!

BUT WHITE MASK'S KEEN
EYED COMPANION WARNS
OF THE STRANGERS' APPROACH

JEFE!
A BEEG
HOMBRE
AN' A KID
COMIN' UP
HERE ON
JOSE
ALVAREZ'
BURROS!

SO! WE
PRETEND TO
BE MINERS!
THAT IS ALL,
EL TIGRE. WE
ARE NOT WANTED
FOR MURDER
IN MEXICO!

DON'T REACH
FOR YOUR **GUN**,
DESPERADO,
OR THEY'LL
NEVER
CALL YOU
GAY AGAIN!

I'M NOT
THAT
FOOLISH,
WHITE MASK!
DAVE DWYER
SENT ME TO
FETCH YOU
BACK TO
TEXAS FOR A
LITTLE **BANK JOB**!

DWYER ADMIRES
THE JOB YOU
PULLED AT
THE PRAIRIE
NATIONAL
BANK AND
WANTS TO
CUT YOU IN
ON A **BIG**
HAUL!

**HE SHOULD
KEEP HIS
TRAP SHUT!**
THE LAW
PINNED
THAT JOB
ON A HALF-
STARVED
RANCHER BY
NAME OF
COLLINS!

WITH A LIGHTNING-SWIFT MOVE, THE GAY
DESPERADO GAINS THE UPPER HAND

-- SO I'VE HEARD,
WHITE MASK! IN
FACT, I AM
JIM COLLINS!

YOU!
EL TIGRE!
EL TIGRE!
QUICK!!

LUCKY I STOOD
OFF ON THE
SIDELINES BEFORE
THE GAME STARTED!

**HOLD HEEM,
JEFE!**
**I WILL
CARVE OUT
HEES HEART!**



BITE THE DUST, YUH **SNEAKIN' COYOTE**, OR I'LL MAKE YOUR NOGGIN LOOK LIKE A NEST FULL OF GOOSE EGGS, SAVVY?



NOW--WE'LL SEE WHO COMES OUT ON TOP, MISTER FALL GUY!

YOU'RE **STRONG** AS AN OX, WHITE MASK, BUT ALSO AS **STUPID** AS ONE!



AGONIZING PAIN STABS THE GAY DESPERADO IN A HALF DOZEN SPOTS AS HE LANDS ON THE SHARP ROCKS.

OOOW! MY WRIST-- MY SHOULDER!!

IF I CAN'T GET TO MY FEET FAST, HE'S GOT ME **LICKED!**

THAT **PICKAXE** WILL FIX HIM!



THAT'S **BAD BUSINESS**, WHITE MASK! PICKING ON A GUY YOUR OWN SIZE! I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRY IT AGAIN!

WH- OOF!



MAKE A RUN FOR THE TRAIL, JIM! EL TIGRE PLAYED **DEAD** THEN SCOOTED INTO THE **MINE!** I'LL BET HE'S LIGHTED THE FUSE ON SOME **DYNAMITE!**

YOU'RE GONNA WIN THE BET, TOO, PATSY!



THAR SHE BLOWS, JIM! EL TIGRE MUST'VE CUT A **SHORT FUSE!**

THAT KILLED **WHITE MASK**, SO I'LL HAVE A TOUGHER TIME PROVING HE ROBBED THE PRAIRIE BANK!



TWO DAYS LATER IN TEXAS

YOU SAY THE **GAY DESPERADO** AND THE **WHITE MASK** GOT **BLOWN TO BITS** AT THE OLD SILVER MINE, JOSE? RECKON I'LL HAVE TUH **CROSS 'EM OFF MY LIST!**

SI-- SHERIFF! SENOR DESPERADO PAY MUCHOS PESOS FOR MY LEETLE BURROS! **HOW DO YOU LIKE THEES CAR I BUY-- EH?**

STAMP-O-GRAMS

PRISON MAIL

RULES AND REGULATIONS REGARDING "PRISON MAIL" IN MANY OF THE PRISONS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.

- 1 EACH PRISONER ON ARRIVAL MUST SIGN AN AGREEMENT PERMITTING OFFICIALS TO OPEN HIS MAIL FOR CENSORSHIP. IF HE REFUSES HE DOESN'T RECEIVE ANY MAIL DURING HIS CONFINEMENT.
- 2 NO PRISONER CAN RECEIVE A LETTER FROM A FORMER INMATE OR WRITE TO ONE.
- 3 WHEN A LETTER IS GIVEN TO AN INMATE, THE STAMPS ARE REMOVED, BECAUSE, IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT DOPE CAN BE PLACED UNDERNEATH THE STAMP.
- 4 AS A RULE ONLY ONE LETTER IS PERMITTED TO BE MAILED A WEEK - AND THAT LETTER CAN ONLY BE SENT TO A RELATIVE.



STAMPS IN THE NEWS

THAT MAIL CARRIERS ARE HONEST WAS PROVEN BY SOME UNKNOWN PERSON IN CHICAGO WHO MAILED A DOLLAR BILL ATTACHED TO A POST CARD TO A PERSON IN NEW YORK. THE BILL WAS DELIVERED WITH THE CARD - THOUGH SOME TWENTY ODD PERSONS HANDLED IT. IT WAS A VACATION CARD INSCRIBED "PEOPLE ARE HONEST, ESPECIALLY MAIL CARRIERS."

THE POST OFFICE OF ANTHONY, NEW MEXICO AND TEXAS SERVES A COMMUNITY IN BOTH STATES



WAR SLOGANS

WAR SLOGANS ARE NOW APPEARING ON "BRITISH MAIL" "GROW MORE FOOD" AND "DIG FOR VICTORY" ARE AMONG THE FIRST OF SUCH WARTIME APPEALS TO BE INCORPORATED INTO STAMP CANCELLATIONS.

STAMPS AS TIPS

PAUL BROWN, ASSISTANT POSTMASTER AT DES MOINES HAS OFFERED A GOOD IDEA. HE SUGGESTS WE CARRY AROUND WITH US IN A BILL FOLD, DEFENSE SAVING STAMPS (OF SMALL DENOMINATION) TO BE USED FOR TIPPING WAITERS AND BELL HOPS.

TWO SEALED MAIL BAGS FROM THE SUNKEN STEAMER "ATHEVIA," FIRST SEA CASUALTY OF WORLD WAR WERE RECOVERED RECENTLY WHEN THEY WERE WASHED ASHORE IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.



STAMP PORTRAITS



WALLACE BEERY THE "BAD MAN" OF THE MOVIES COLLECTS GOOD STAMPS.

PHILATELIC PHOOLERY



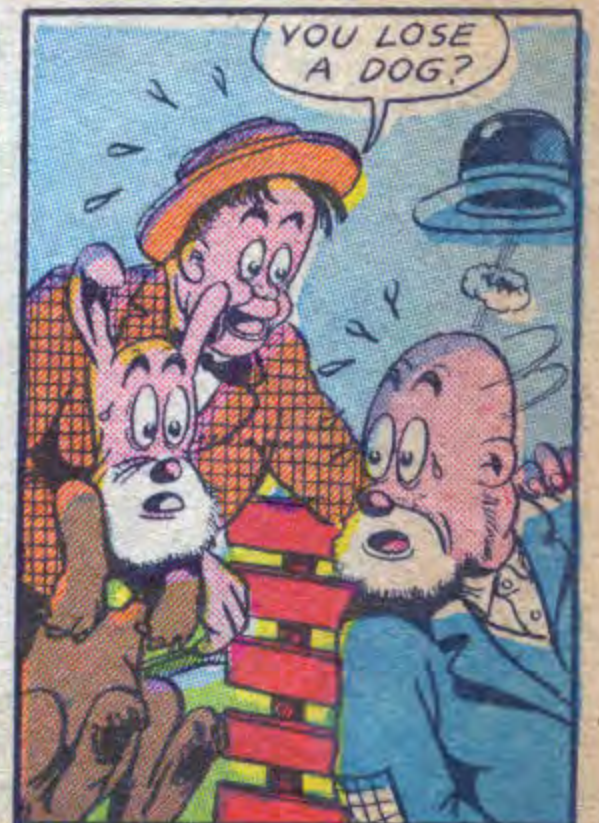
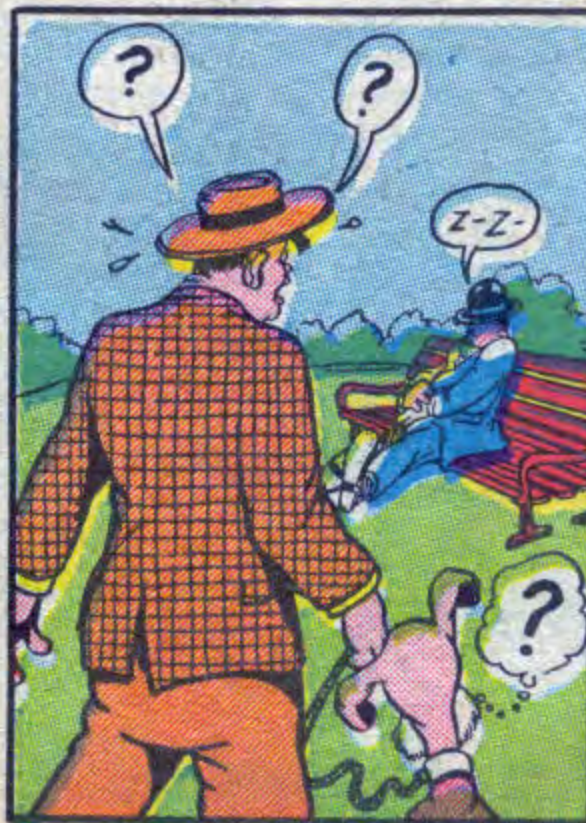
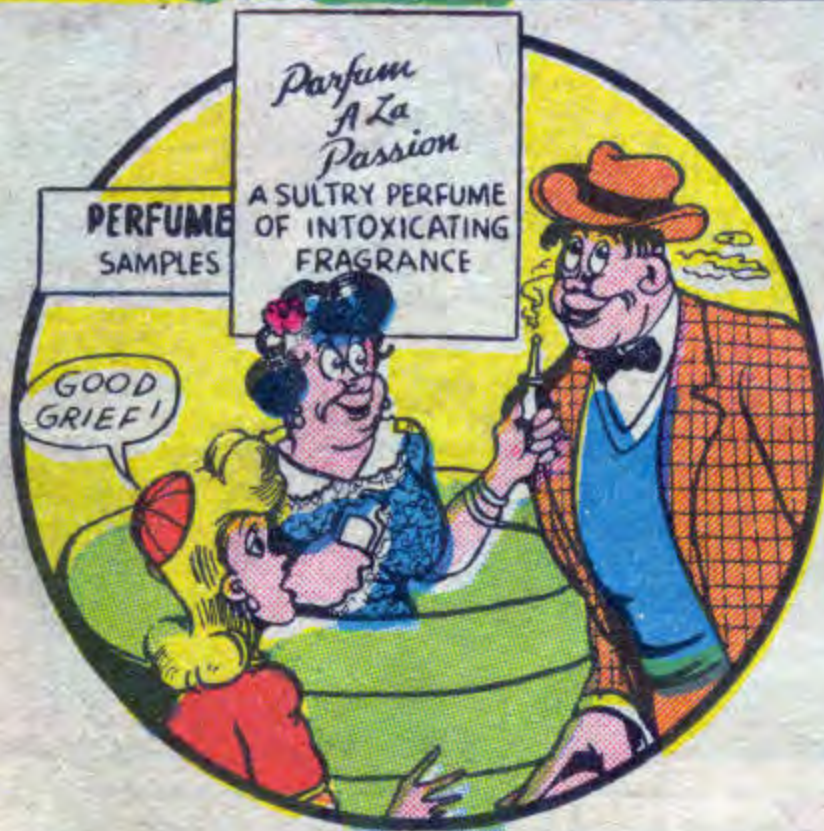
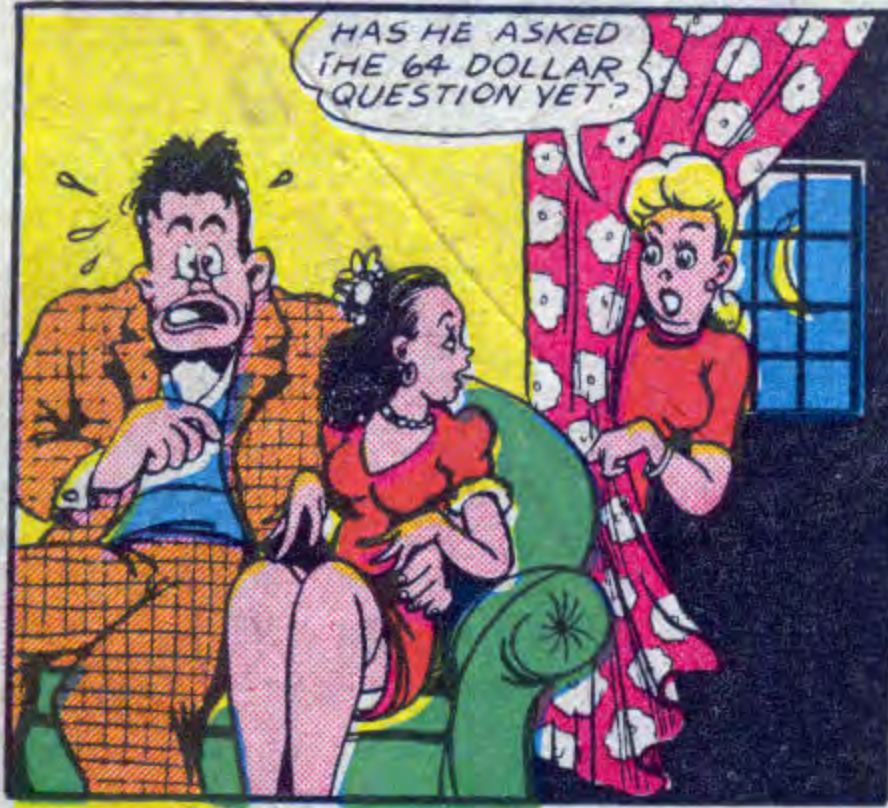
STAMP ROMANCE, STARTS IN FRIENDSHIP, N.Y., THEN GOES TO LOVE, VA., THE NEXT ACT IS KISSME, FLA., FROM THERE TO RING, ARK., THEN COMES PARSON, KANS., THE LAST STOP IS THAT WELL KNOWN PLACE RENO, NEVADA.

ONE FOR THE ALBUM

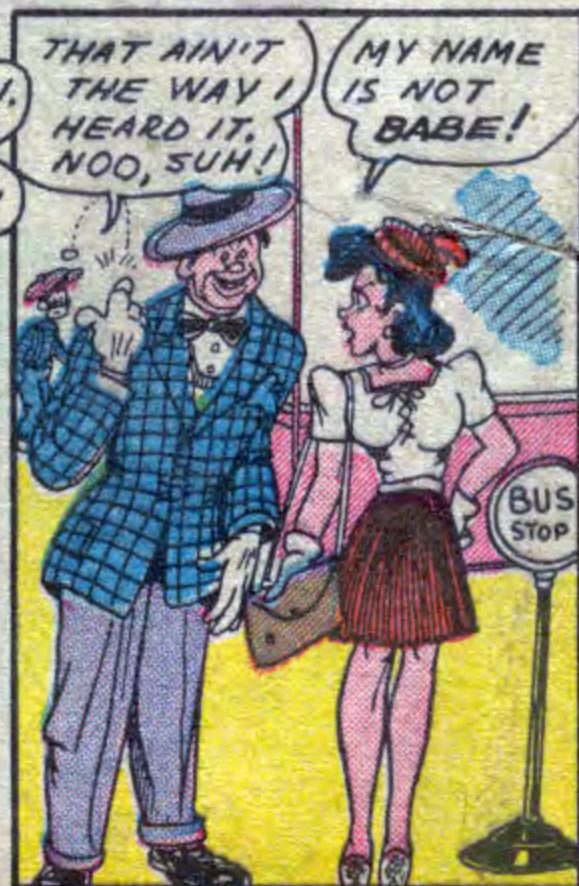
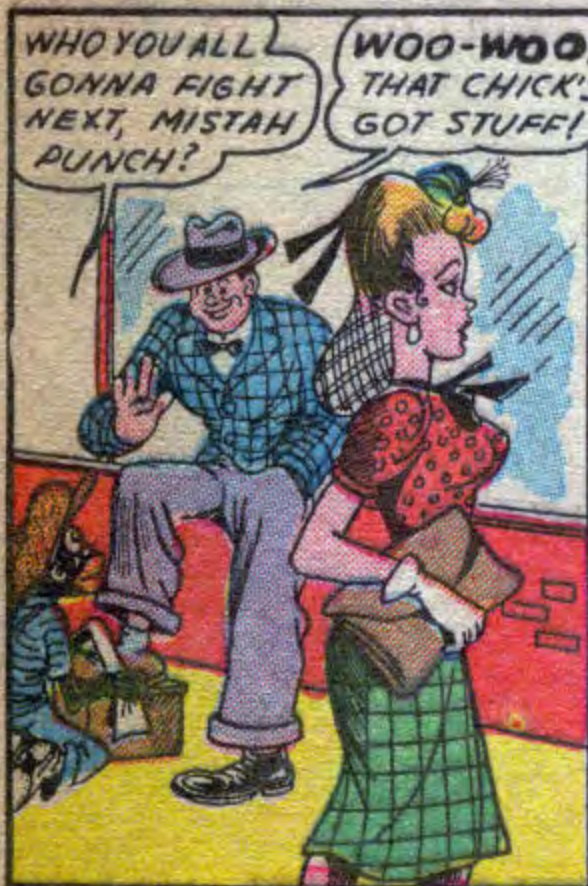
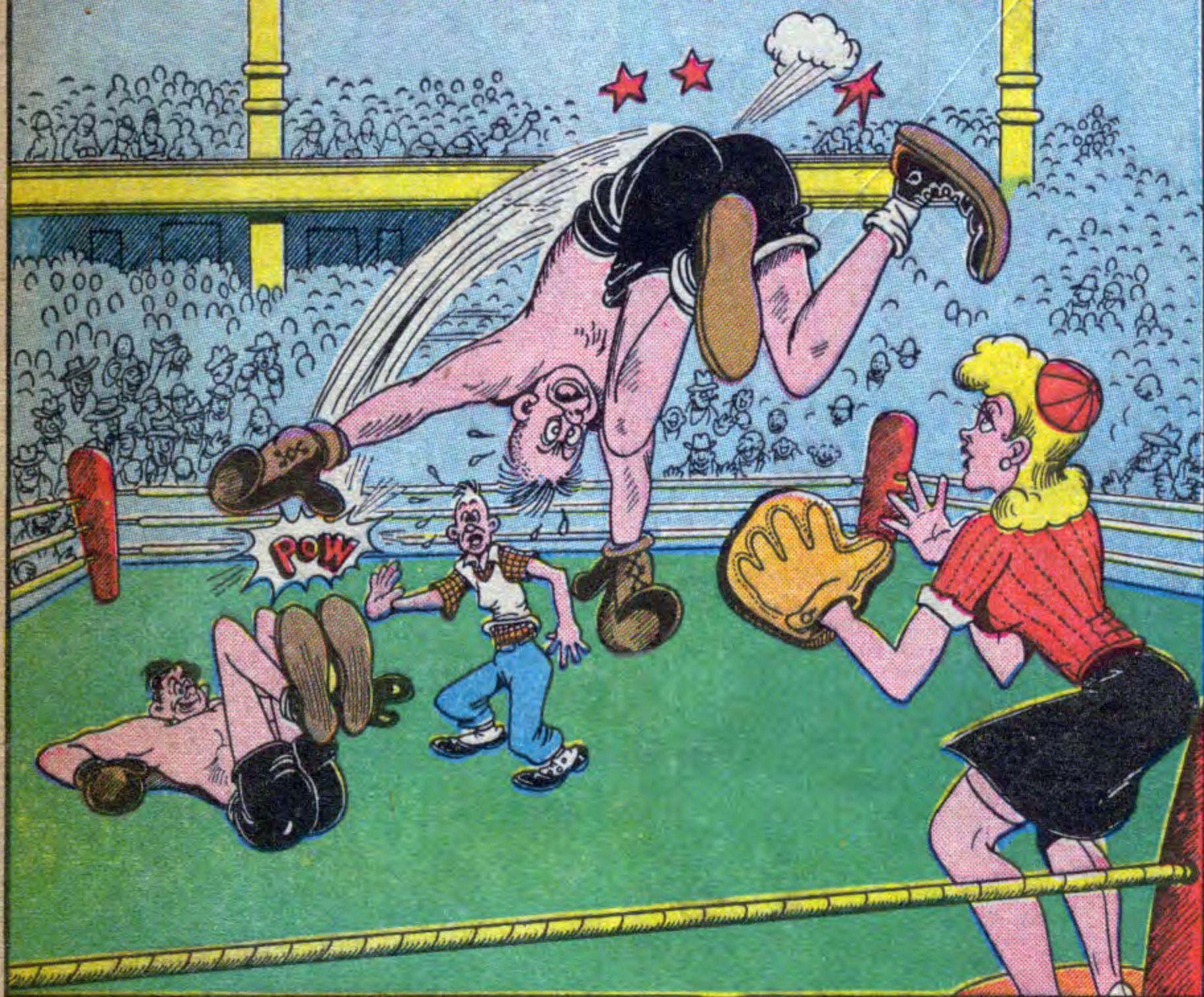
ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS APPOINTED POSTMASTER OF NEW SALEM, ILL., ON MAY 7TH 1833. IN A COMMISSION SIGNED BY PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.

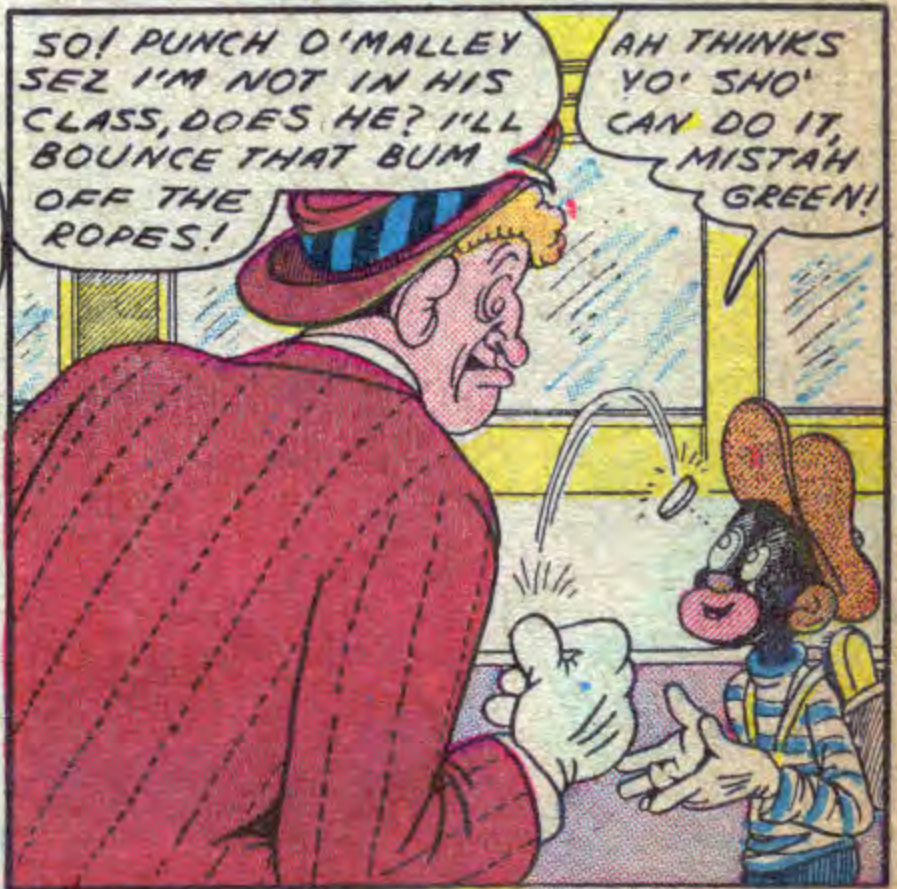
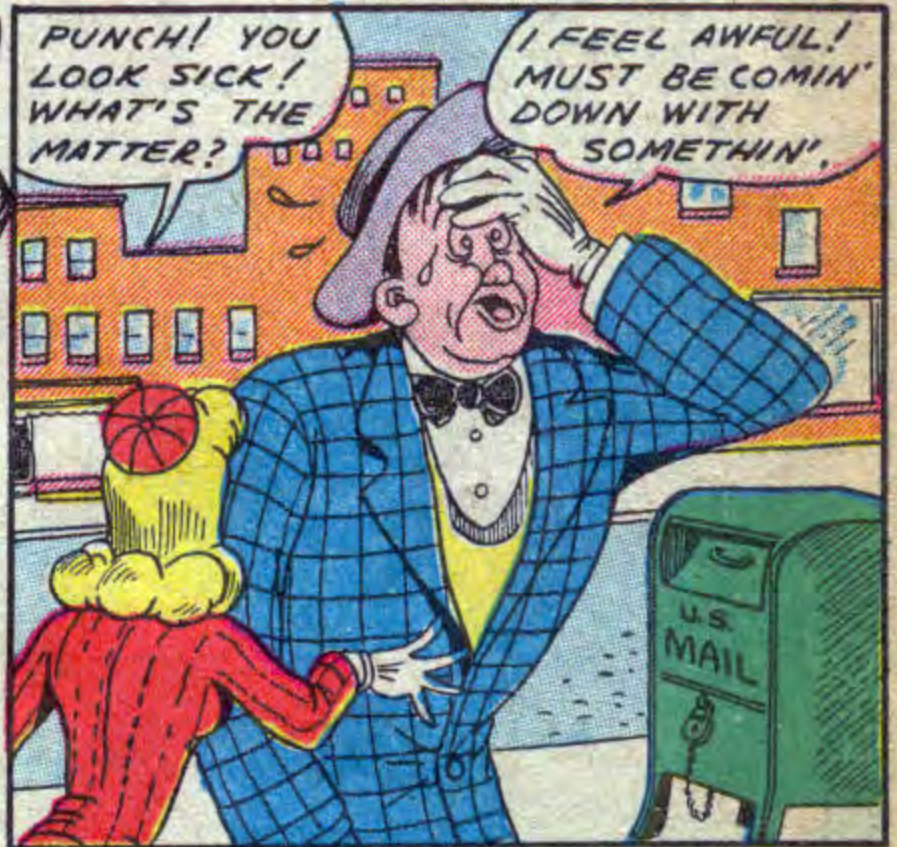
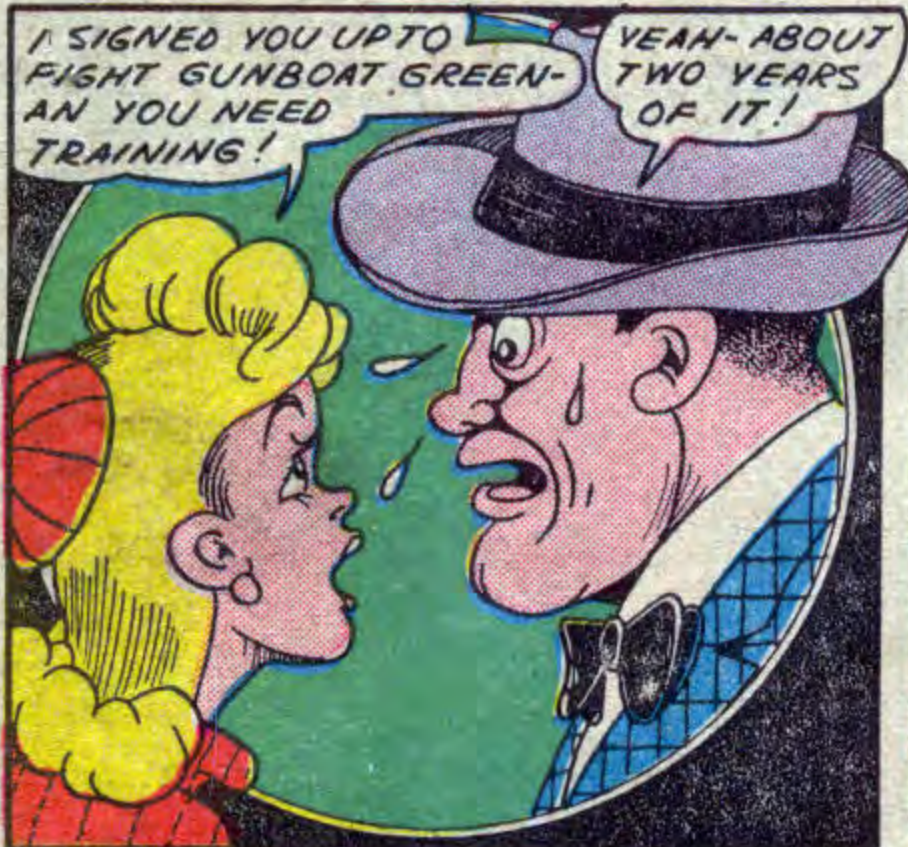
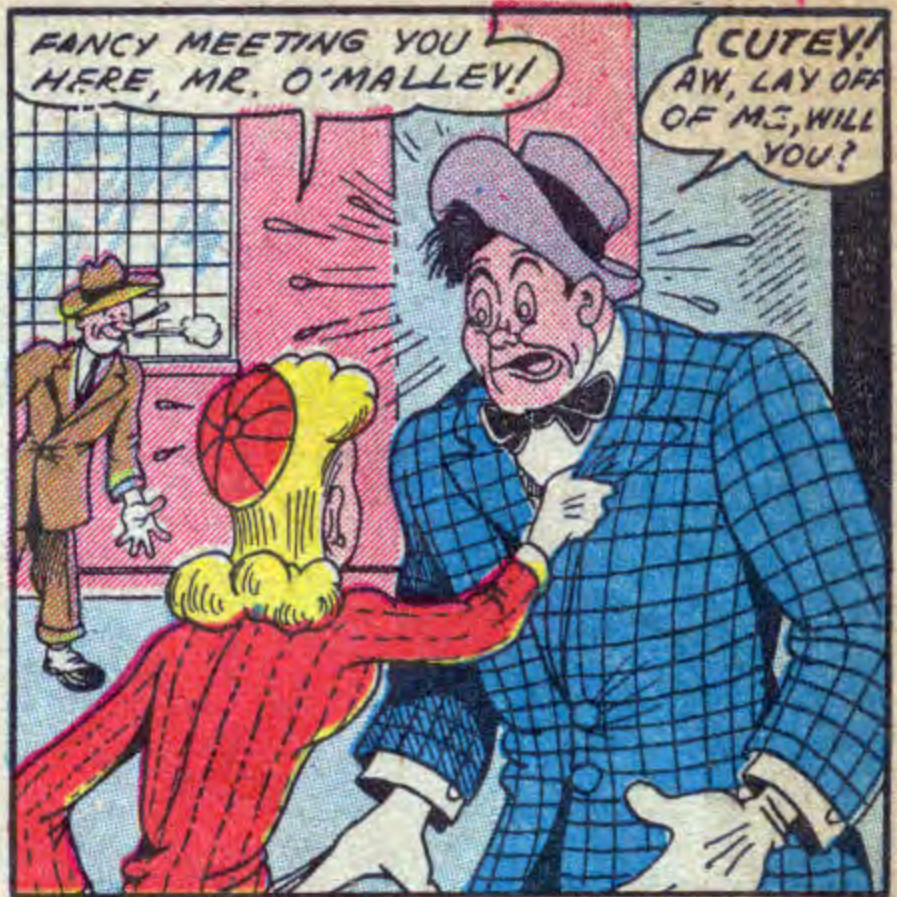


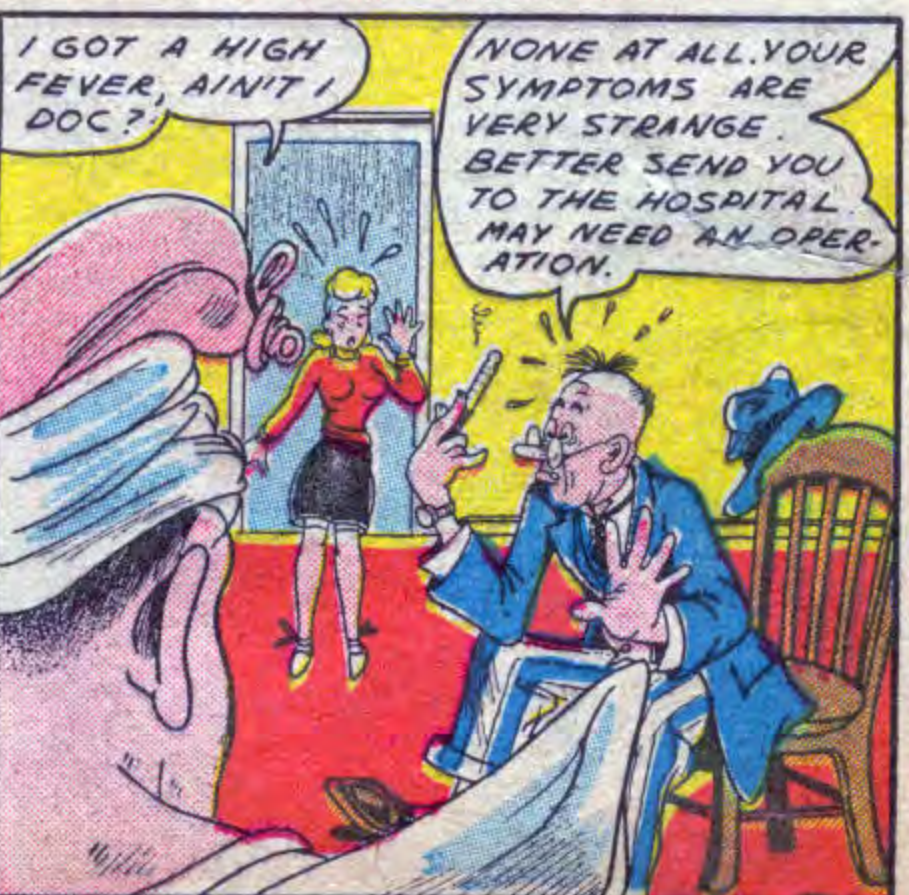
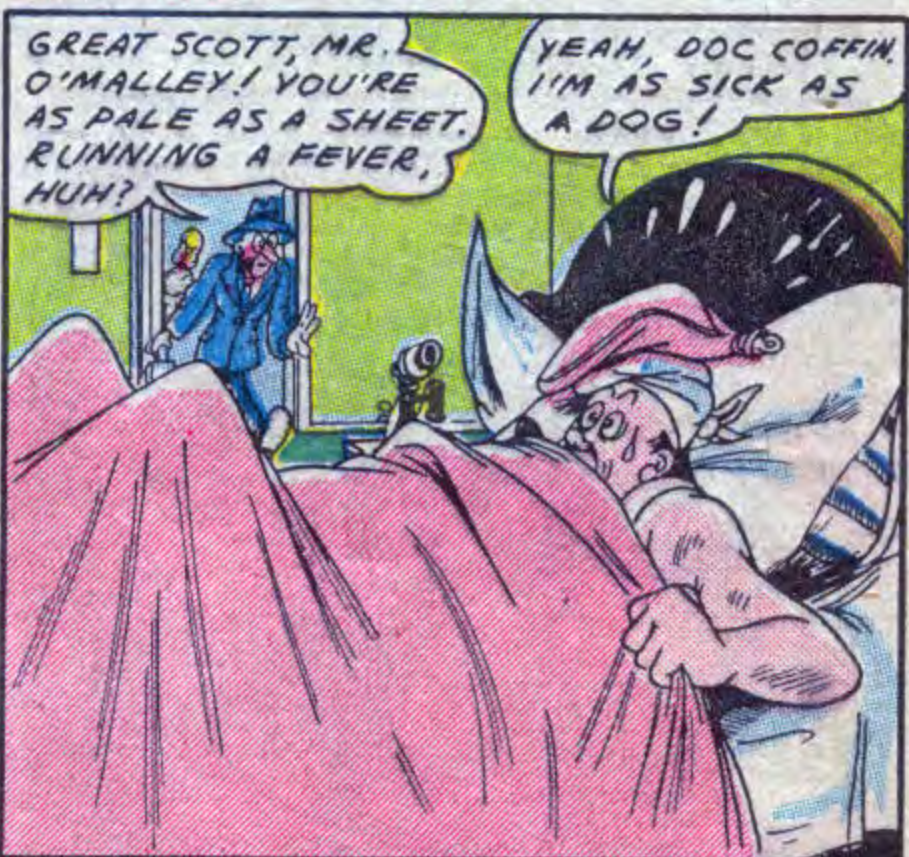
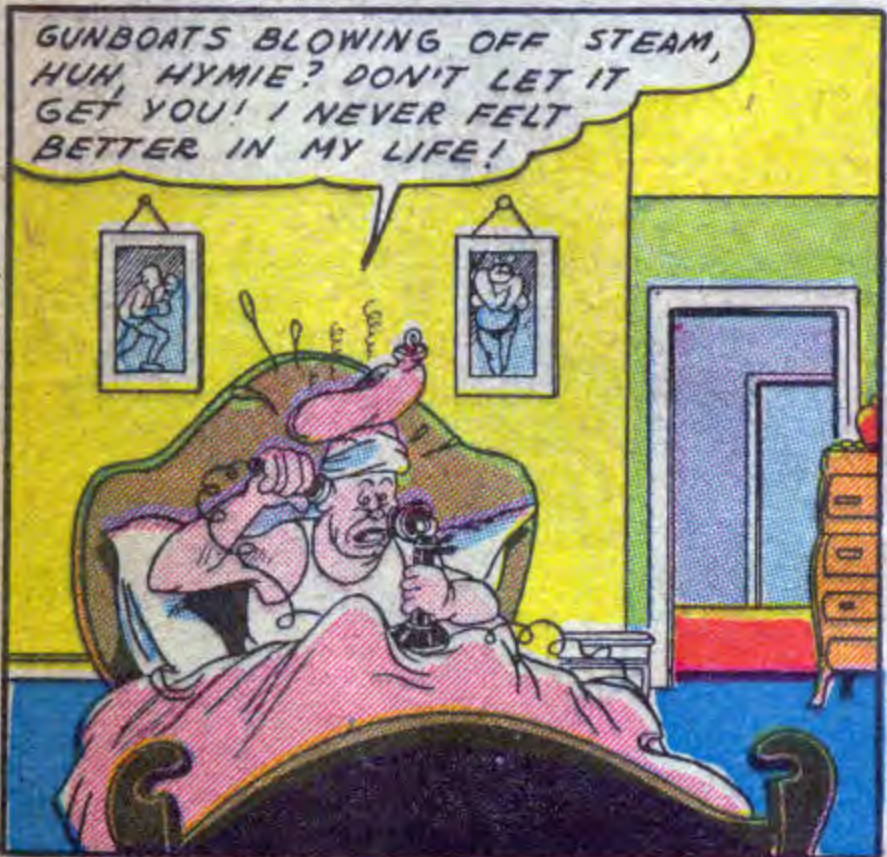
KNOCK-OUT DROPS

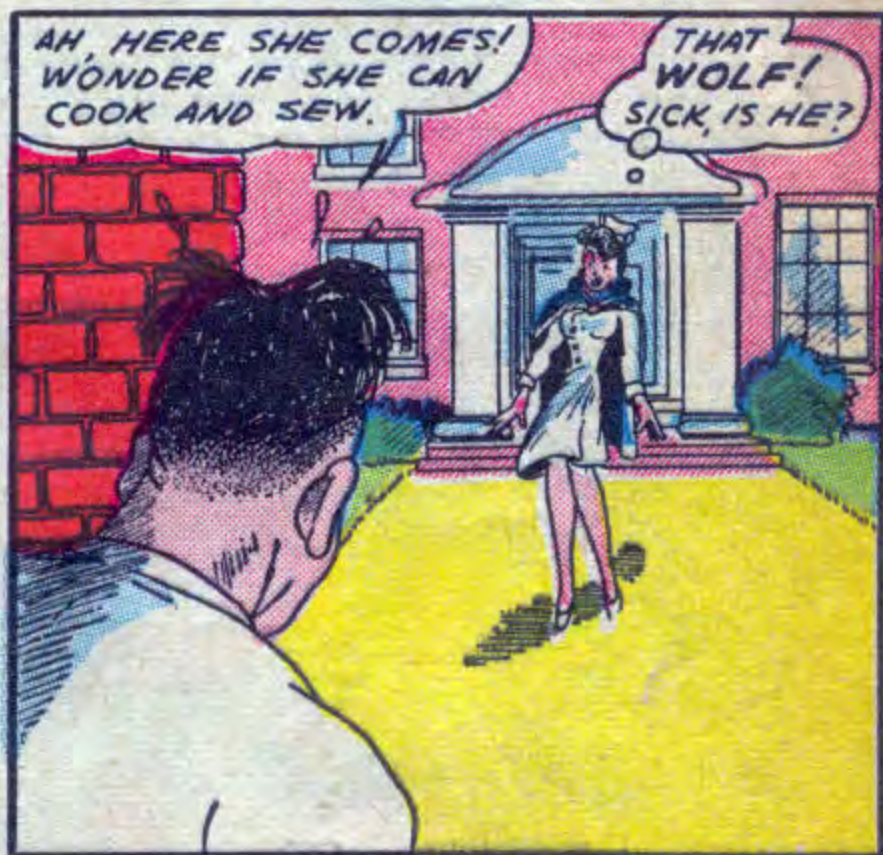
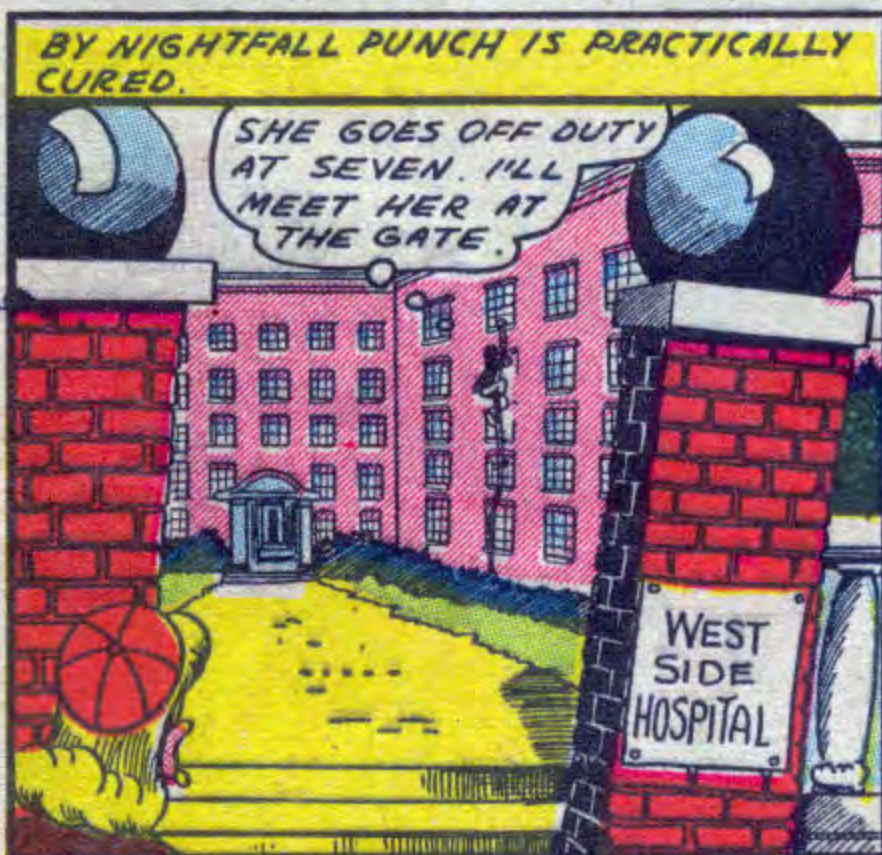
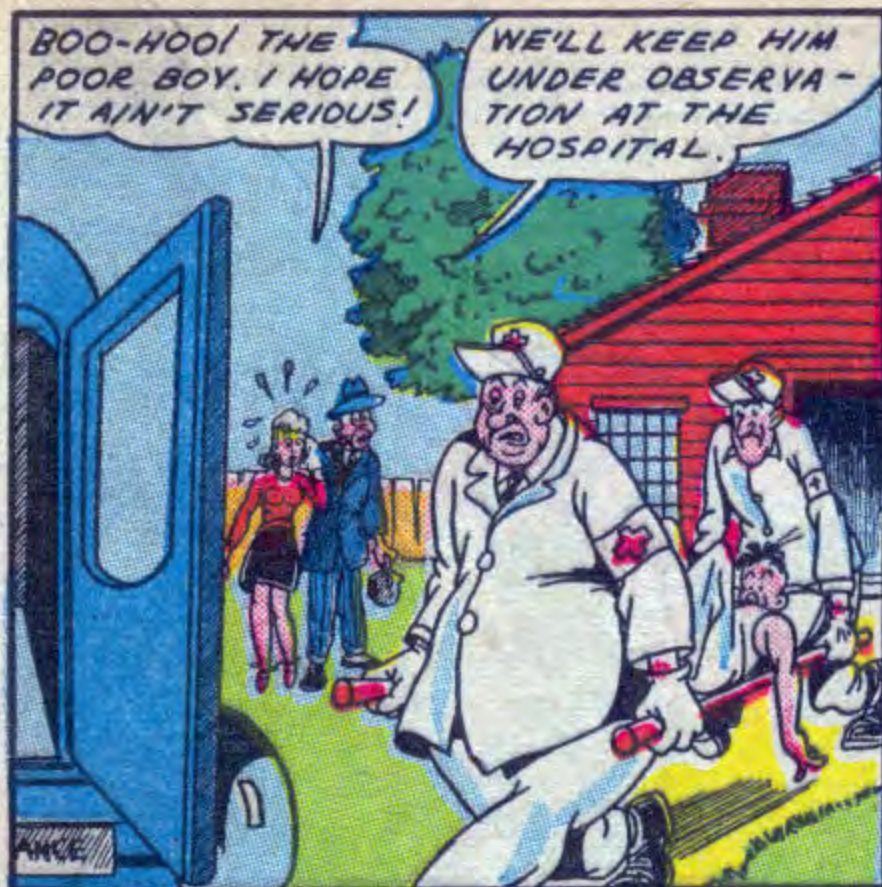


PUNCH & CUTEY











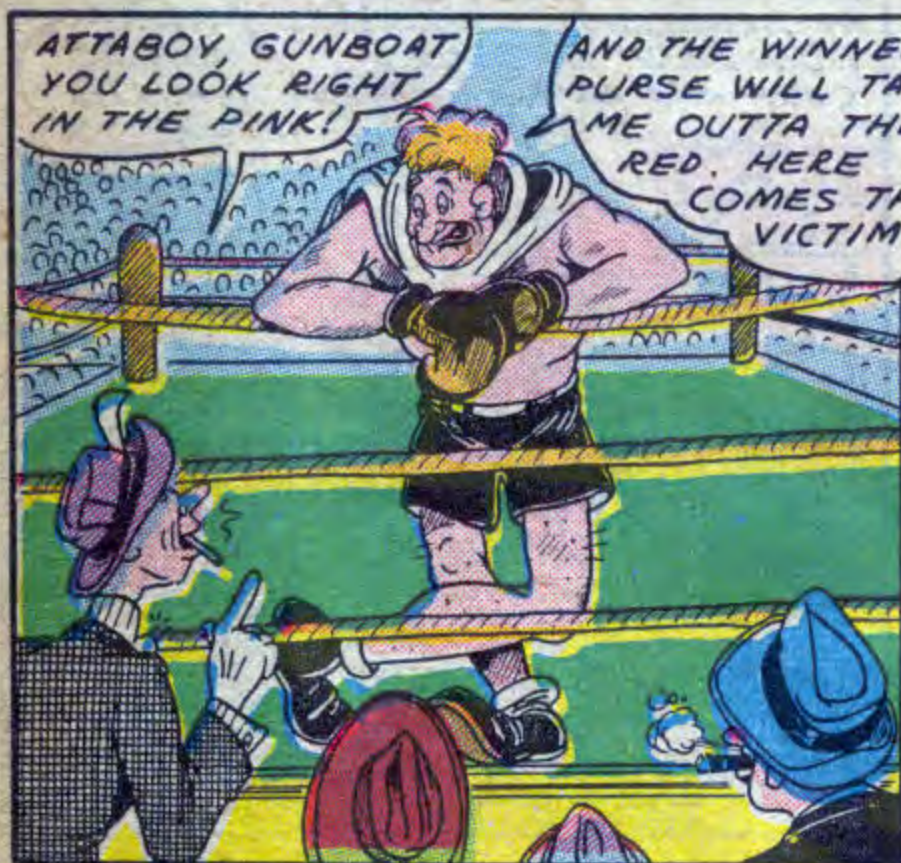
YEAH? I'M STILL YOUR MANAGER AND YOU'VE GOT A FIGHT NEXT WEEK!

AW, SIS! YOU CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND LIKE THIS!



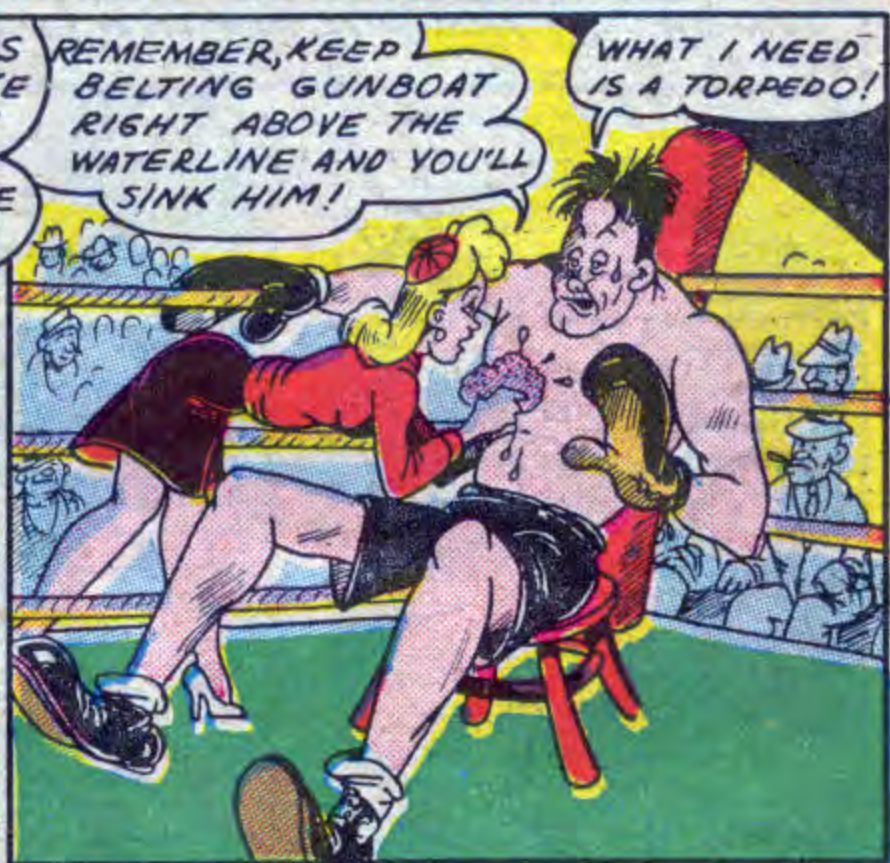
COMES THE BIG EVENT THE ODDS ARE FIVE TO ONE AGAINST YOU, PUNCH, BUT I AIN'T BETTING AGAINST YOU!

COULDN'T BORROW ANY DOUGH HUH, HYMIE?



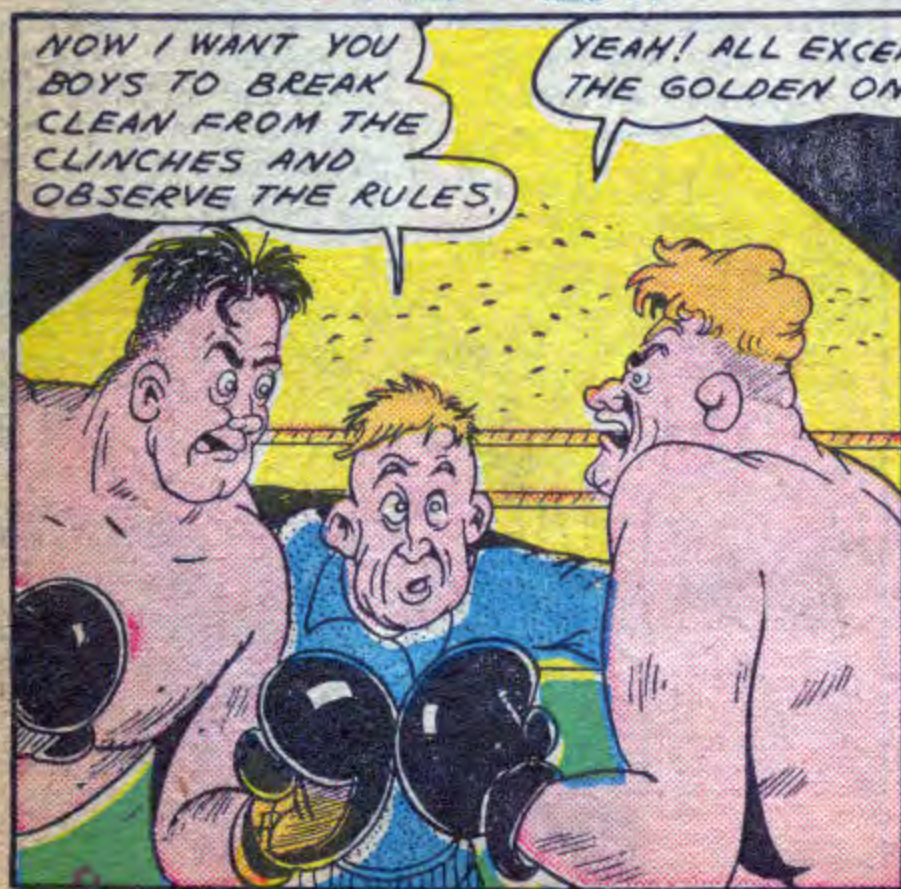
ATTABOY, GUNBOAT YOU LOOK RIGHT IN THE PINK!

AND THE WINNERS PURSE WILL TAKE ME OUTTA THE RED. HERE COMES THE VICTIM!



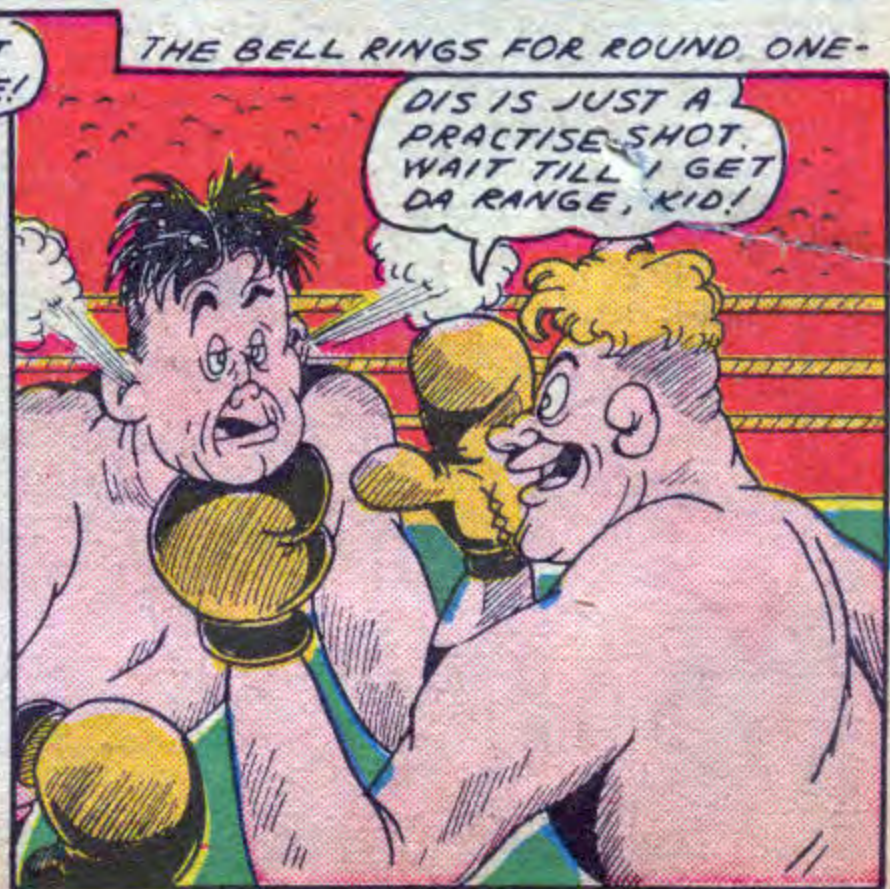
REMEMBER, KEEP BELTING GUNBOAT RIGHT ABOVE THE WATERLINE AND YOU'LL SINK HIM!

WHAT I NEED IS A TORPEDO!



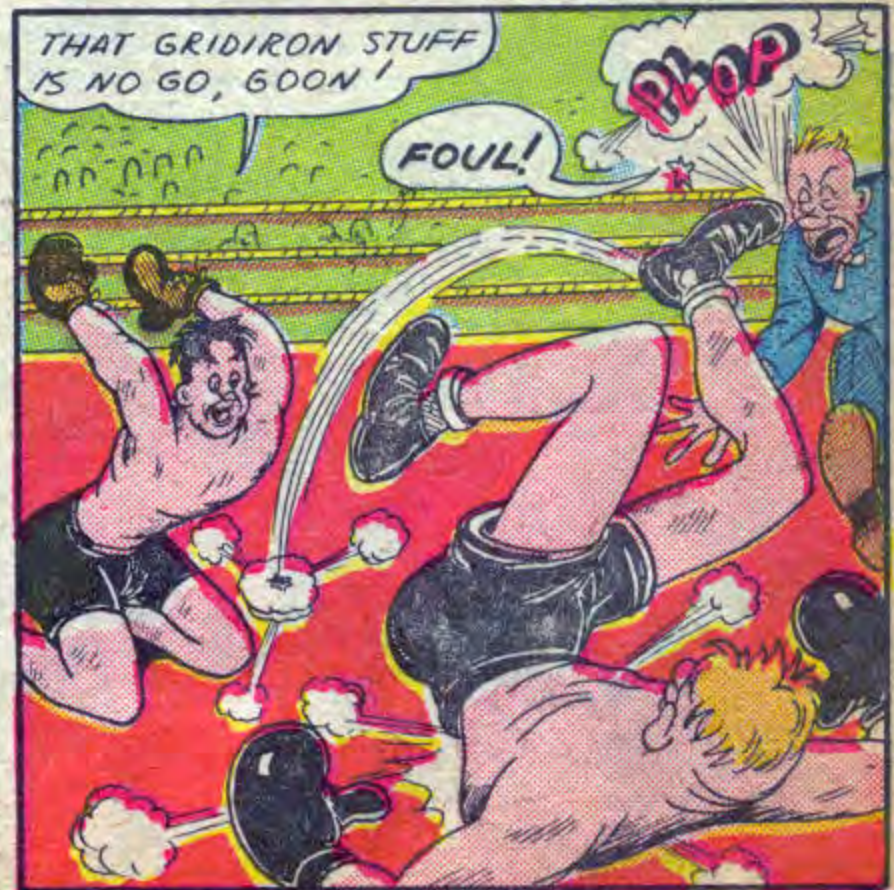
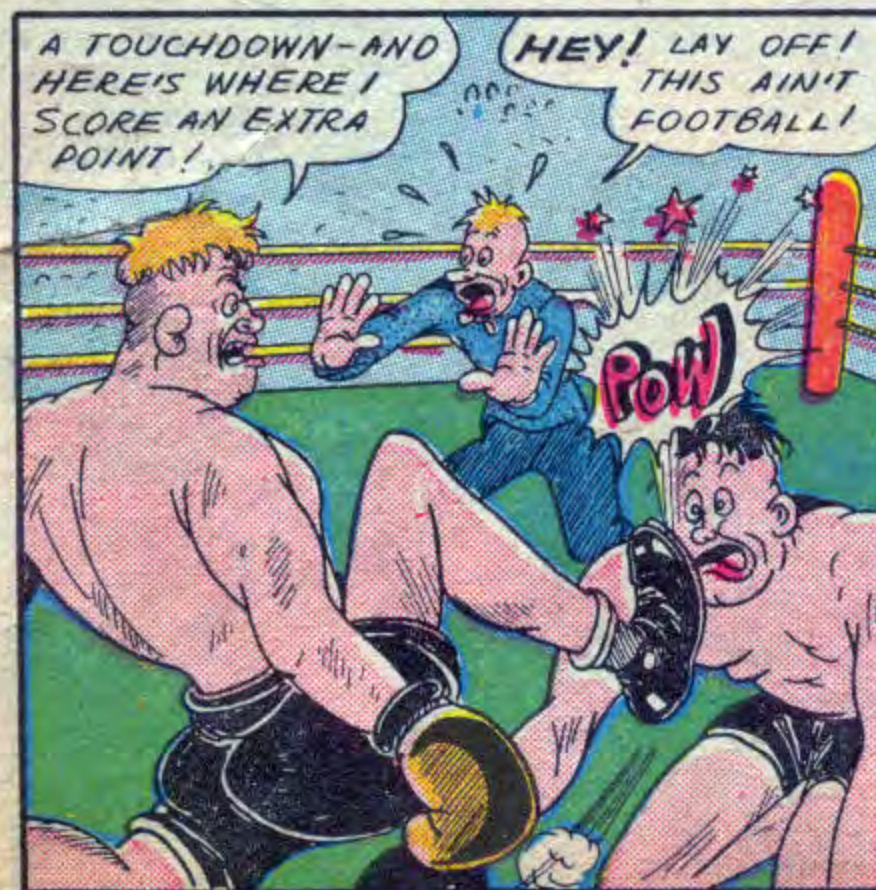
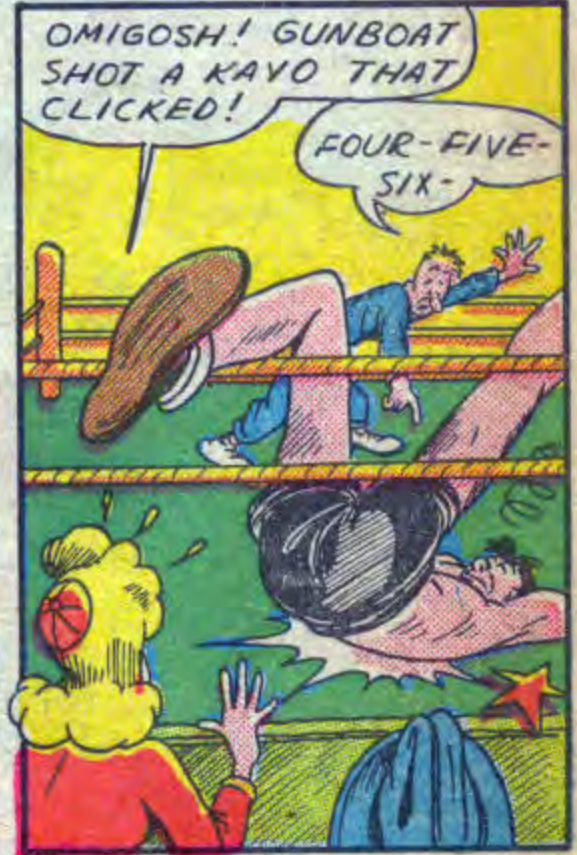
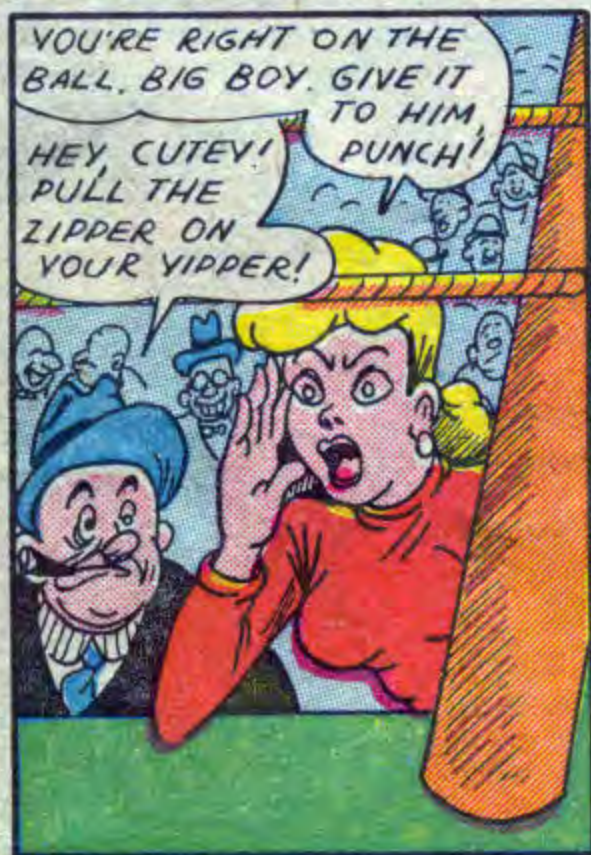
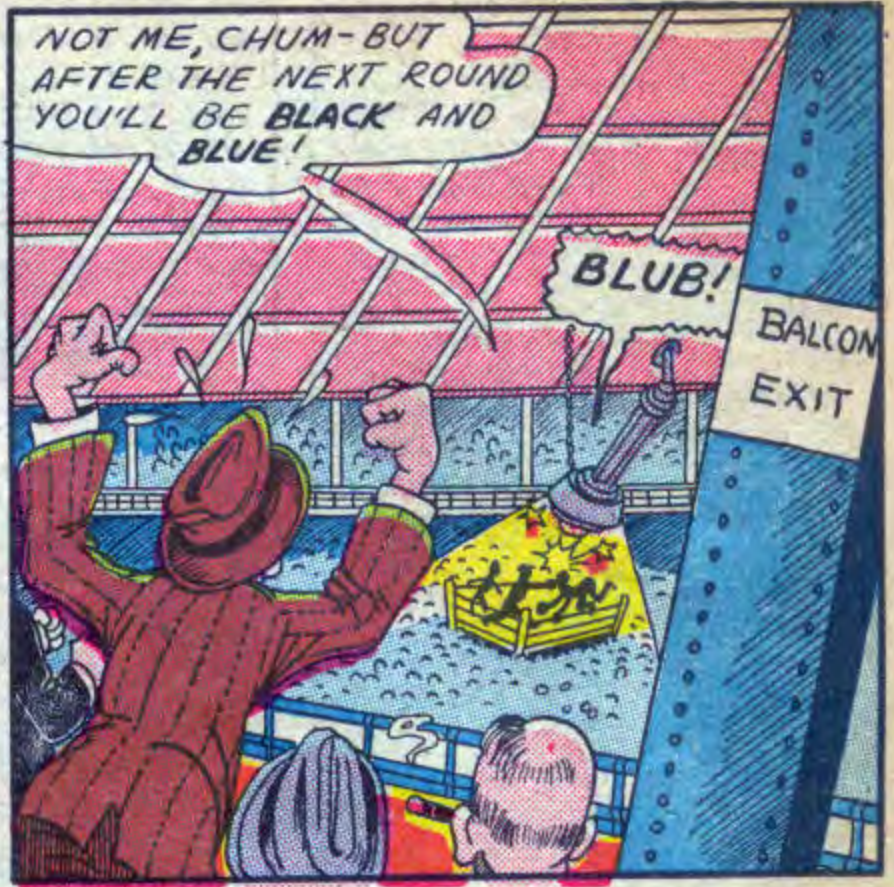
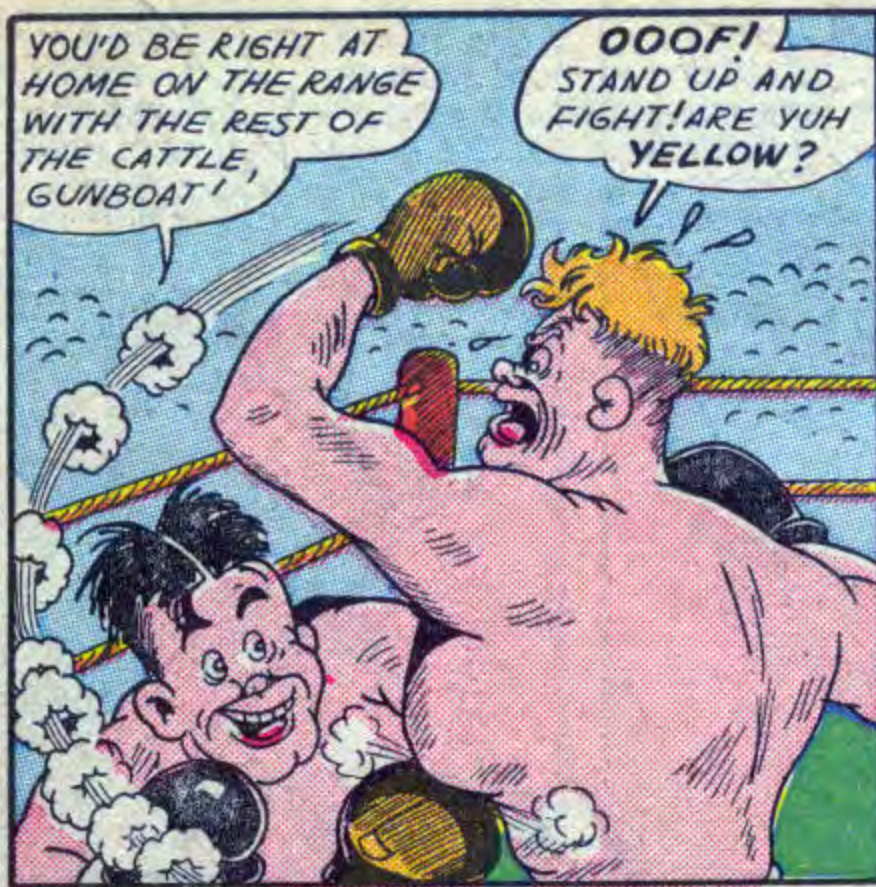
NOW I WANT YOU BOYS TO BREAK CLEAN FROM THE CLINCHES AND OBSERVE THE RULES.

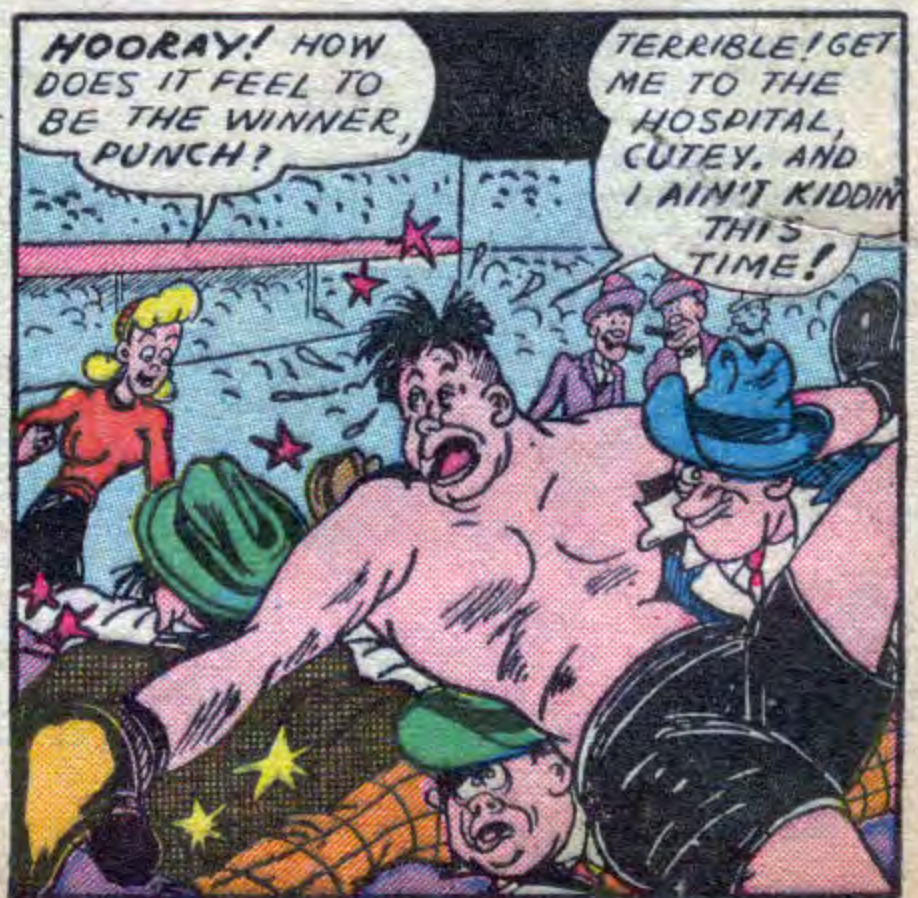
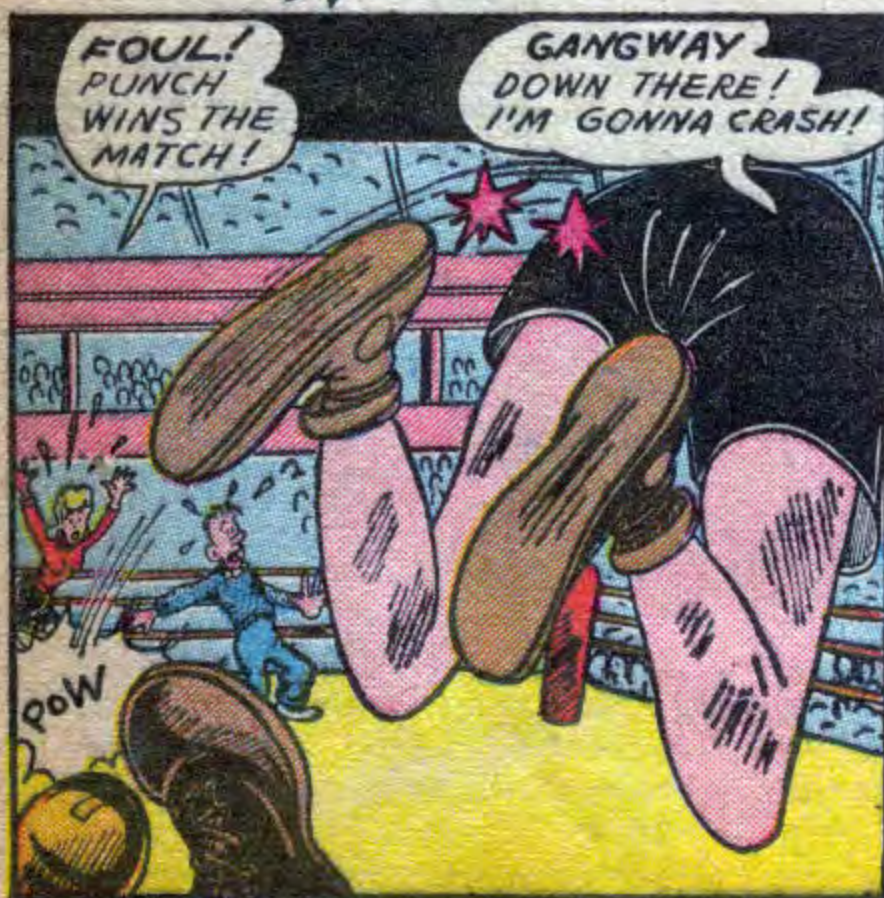
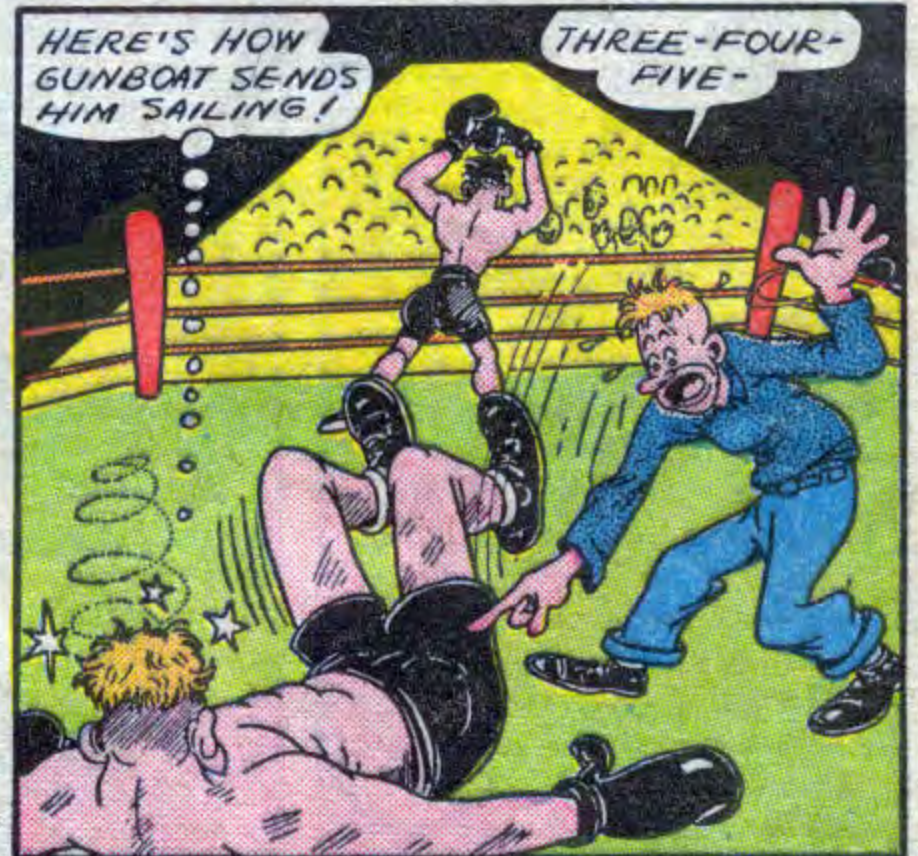
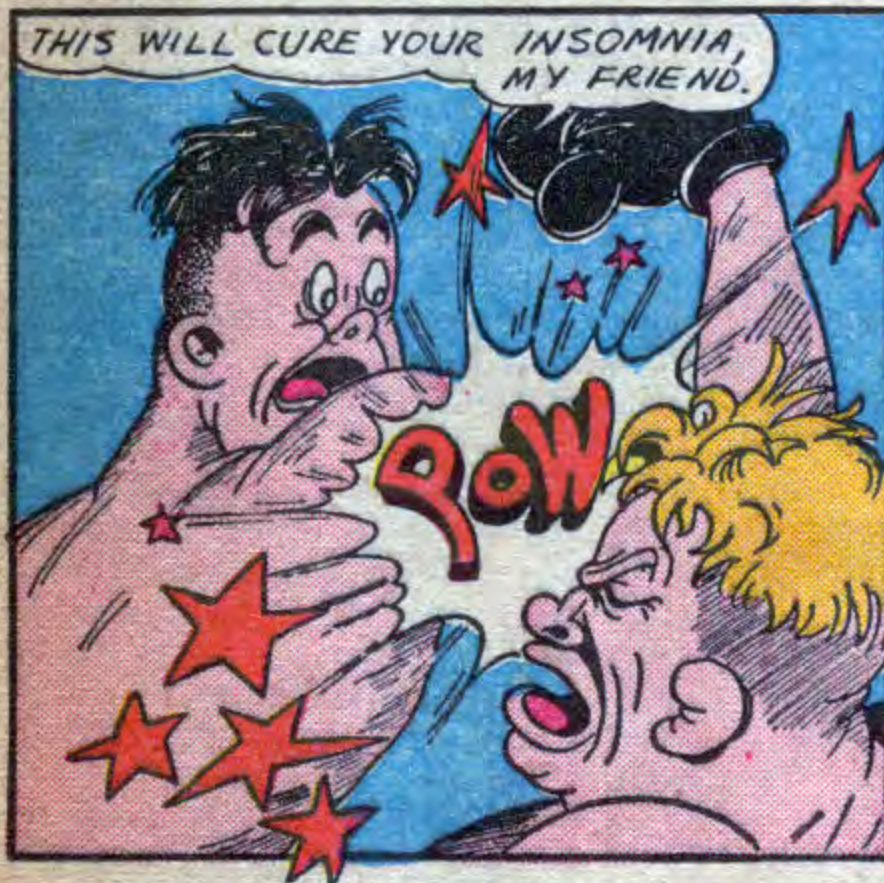
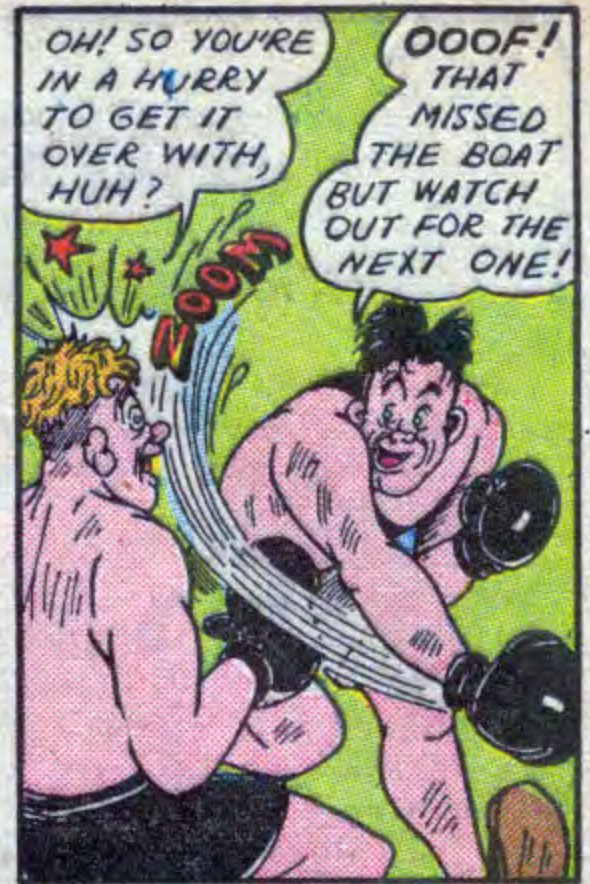
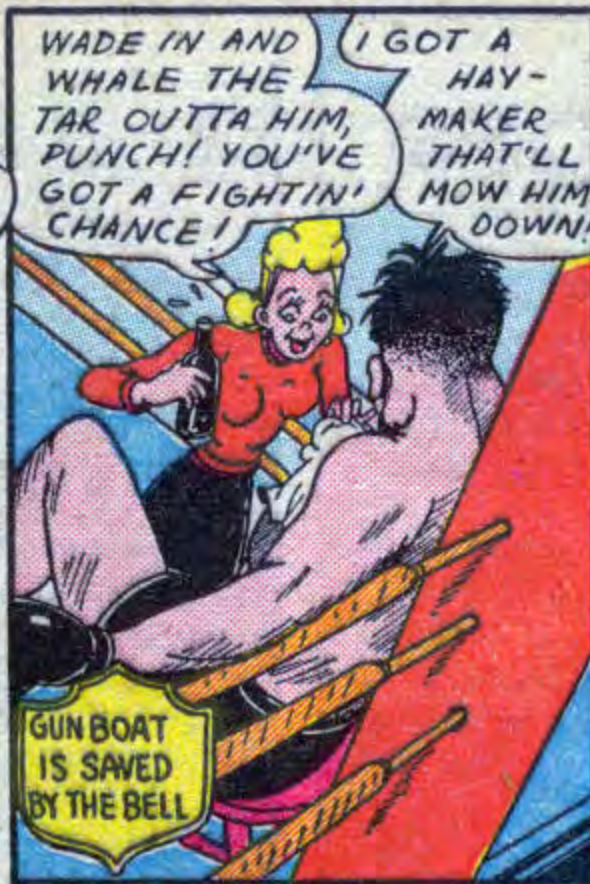
YEAH! ALL EXCEPT THE GOLDEN ONE!



THE BELL RINGS FOR ROUND ONE-

DIS IS JUST A PRACTISE SHOT. WAIT TILL I GET DA RANGE, KID!





MURDER IN ACT II

The drama was dull until death took the stage.

Tommy Rider stepped gingerly into the office of the Great Mutual Insurance Company and asked the girl at the telephone switchboard: "Pop in?"

The girl nodded. "He's just closed a big deal. If it worked out okay, it will be safe to go in. If not, you'll bounce out fast."

Tommy entered and found his father in an expansive mood. "Sure, son. The deal worked out all right. You'll be going to Brockton Military Academy in the fall."

"That's swell, pop," Tommy said, "but really, well, Irma Cross and me, well anyway, she wants to see Horace Lefworthy tonight. The play's opening at the Palace."

"A fitting celebration," John Ridder agreed. "Here's ten."

Johnny fidgeted in the theater seat as the second act of "Hearts in Bloom" got under way. He whispered to Irma: "Our junior play was better than this."

"Hush," Irma retorted. "Who cares about the play. Isn't Horace Lefworthy simply out of this world?"

Tommy wrinkled his nose in an uncomplimentary manner and turned back to the stage as a murmur spread through the audience.

"Come on, Irma," he said, pulling her after him in front of a row of excited spectators.

Horace Lefworthy was writhing in pain on the stage as the curtain went down. Tommy paid no attention to the manager of the theater who had appeared from behind the curtain to quiet the crowd. He led Irma up the steps from the orchestra to the box and thence out to the back of the stage.

"Quiet, Chick," Tommy ordered. "Let's see what's cooking."

Horace Lefworthy lay just where he had fallen. He was quite still. Over him leaned Stephen Borg, the producer, a cigar clenched viciously in his jaw, his face heavy with lines of anxiety. Kneeling beside Lefworthy, a physician listened to the actor's heart with a stethoscope. Finally the physician arose, shaking his head.

"He's dead," the doctor told Borg. "Heart attack."

"Oh, how awful!" Irma whispered to Tommy.

"I know," said Tommy. "But if they're trying to say he died of a sickness, they're lying. That guy was murdered!"

Tommy's voice had risen above the din and

now a deathly stillness came like a pall over everyone. The physician stood erect, bristling.

"Who said that?" he snapped. "Who questions my judgment?"

Tommy was beside the corpse. He knelt down and placed his nose close to the dead man's mouth. "Poison," he said gravely.

The doctor grabbed his shoulder. "You question me, Doctor George Moulton? A youngster like you? Get out of here! Police! Get this youngster away!"

Borg came over and put his hand on Tommy's arm.

"Come on, son. You and your girl friend. If it's true, we'll get the police."

Borg led Tommy and Irma out through the stage entrance toward a large sedan parked close to the building. The floodlights were off and the night was dark. A hand clapped over Irma's mouth and muffled the half scream she made. Steel fingers gripped Tommy and a fist crashed against his jaw.

"Get rid of 'em," said Borg. "They know too much!"

Tommy suddenly made a quick twist of his body, threw his captor to the ground. He sprang down as his assailant's hand shot upward, grabbed the gun from him. The man holding Irma pushed her away and came for Tommy, a gun blazing before him.

Tommy fired coolly. The man dropped. The floodlights turned on. Tommy shouted, "Halt, or I'll mow down the bunch of you!"

Crowds began pouring from the stage door. The police rushed out and took control of the situation.

Tommy and Irma rode to police headquarters in a squad car and were escorted to Inspector King's office.

"We checked on that house physician," he explained. "He was a phony. It was poison, too."

"But how did you know, Tommy?" Irma gasped.

"The poison? First aid course," Tommy told her. "And heck, that was the big deal pop closed today. The Great Mutual had just okayed Lefworthy for a hundred thousand in favor of Borg, to protect him in case Lefworthy died before Borg got his money out of the show. Borg must have thought it was a flop and decided to collect." Tommy hesitated a moment, then added: "It sure looked like a flop to me."

MANHUNTERS

GUARDIANS OF THE LAW

THE DESPERATION OF HUNTED MEN GAVE OKLAHOMA ITS GREATEST REIGN OF TERROR, WHEN A YOUTH, VOWING NEVER TO SERVE A 75-YEAR RAP FOR ROBBERY, SET OFF A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT GAVE THE AUTHORITIES A VERITABLE NIGHTMARE, AS THEY PURSUED THEIR QUEST DOWN THE BLOODY TRAIL OF CRIME.



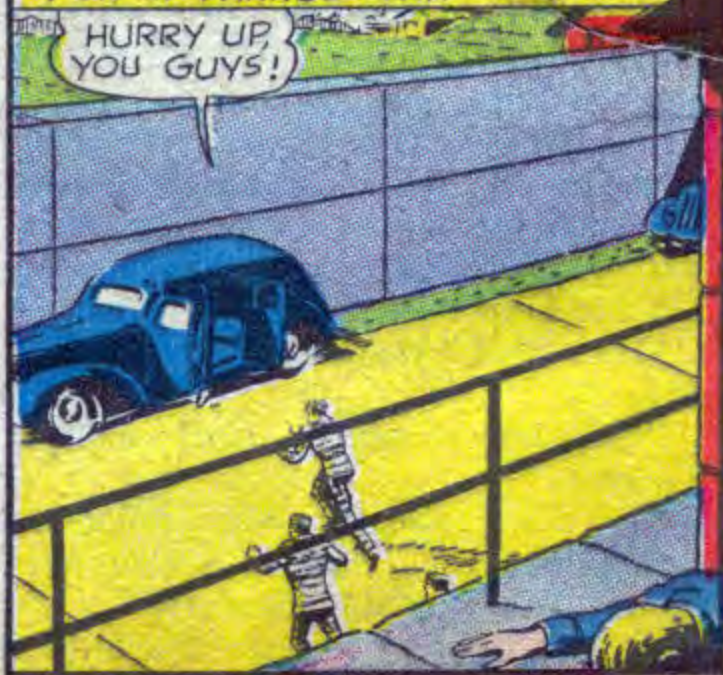
FEBRUARY 1935~
GRANITE
OKLAHOMA,
REFORMATORY

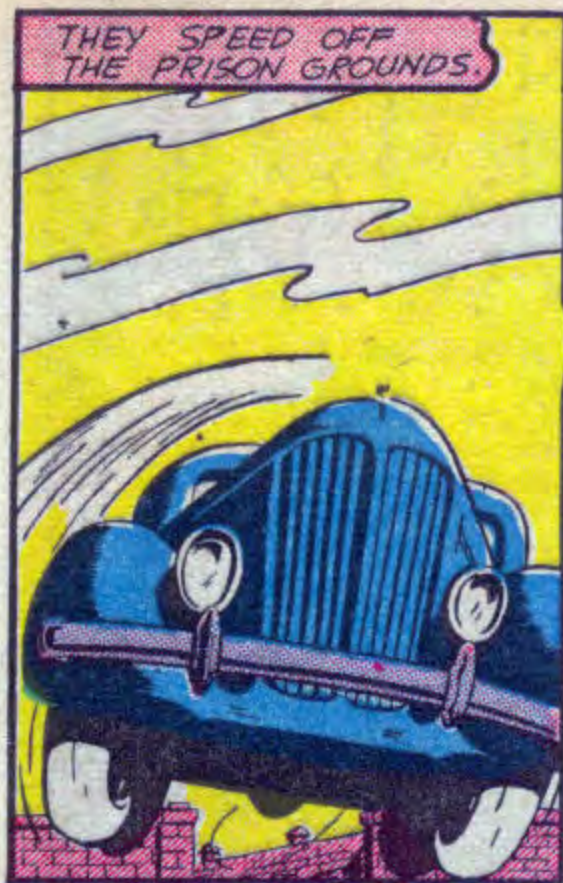
30 CONVICTS
LED BY
MALLORY "RED"
KUYKENDALL,
A 19-YEAR
OLD YOUTH,
MAKE A
BREAK FOR
FREEDOM--



KUYKENDALL, DALE STAMPHILL AND
TWO OTHER PRISONERS MAKE
FOR A PARKED CAR--

HURRY UP,
YOU GUYS!





IT WAS A
SERIOUS BREAK,
BUT EVENTUALLY
ALL WERE
CAPTURED, EXCEPT
KUYKENDALL,
STAMPHILL AND
THEIR TWO
COMPANIONS,
BAKER AND CASEY.



STAMPHILL CANNOT RESIST
LETTING THE OFFICER
KNOW HE IS GETTING
HIS REVENGE.

TURN AROUND,
BREWER, YOU RAT!



NO YOU
DON'T, STAMPHILL!



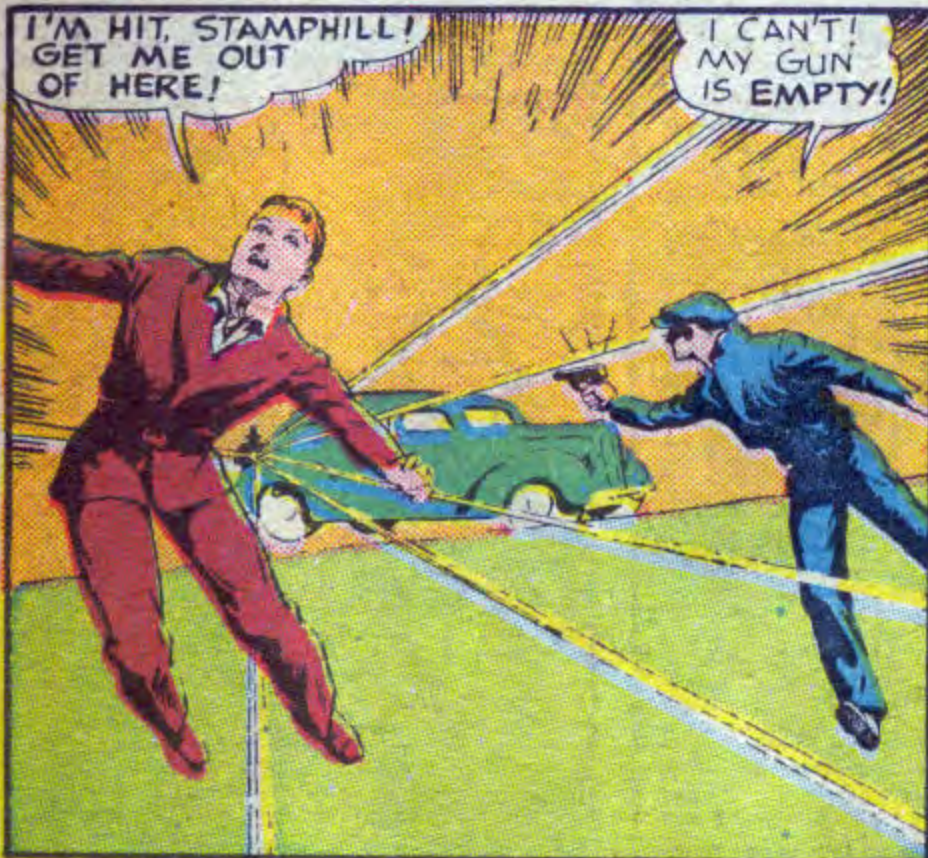
INSTEAD OF OBEYING BREWER
DODGES BEHIND A PARKED CAR.

IN RAGE, STAMPHILL FIRES
HIS GUN BLINDLY.
THE SHOTS GO WILD.

YOU LOUSY
FLATFOOT!



I'M HIT, STAMPHILL!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!



I CAN'T!
MY GUN
IS EMPTY!

SO IS HIS,
STAMPHILL!
COME BACK!
I CAN'T MOVE!



OKAY,
RED!

OW-W-W!
MY LEG'S
KILLING ME!

YEAH, AND
BREWER'S
RELOADING.
THIS IS NO
TIME TO BE
GENTLE!

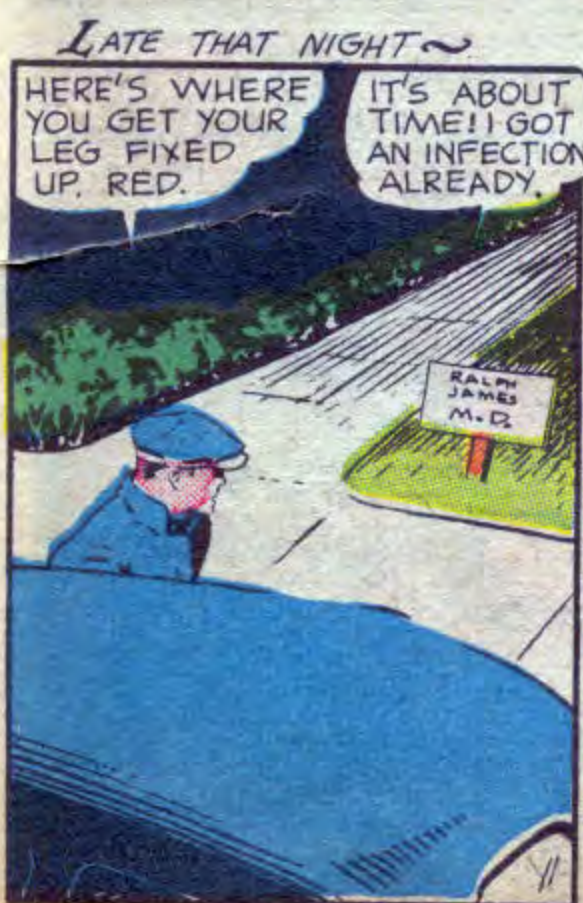
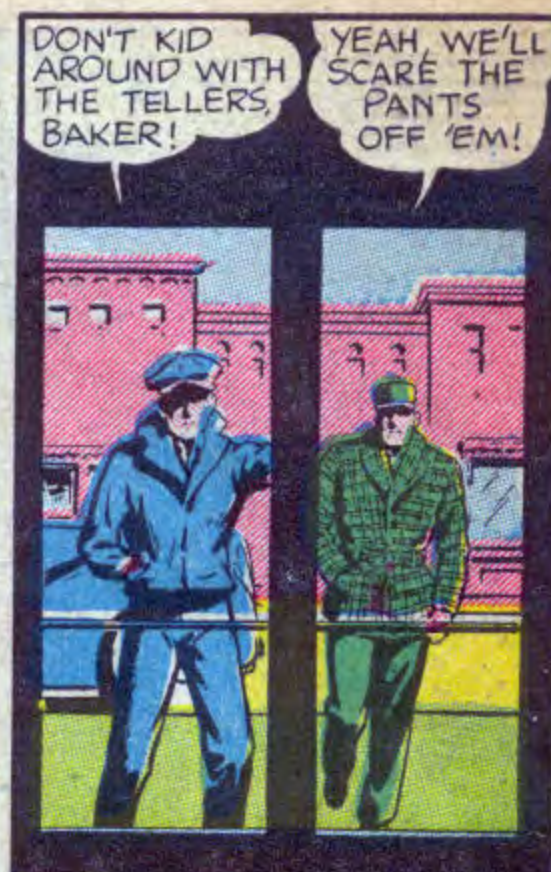
MY LEG!
MY LEG!

STEP ON THE
GAS, BAKER!
WE'RE IN
PLENTY TROUBLE.



THEY GOT AWAY!
THE DIRTY
YELLOW PUNKS!

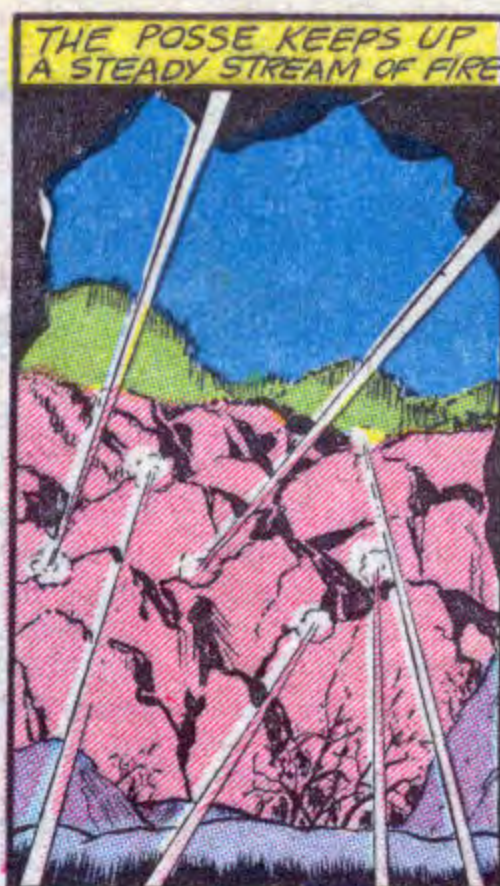






A POSSE OF ABOUT EIGHTY MEN IS RAISED. SHERIFF R.C. SCOTT, WARDEN FRED HUNT OF GRANITE REFORMATORY AND DETECTIVE BOB HOUSTON LEAD THE MANHUNTERS.





THE THREE MEN WERE RETURNED TO GRANITE REFORMATORY TO FINISH THEIR TERMS.

TWO YEARS LATER, RED KUYKENDALL ESCAPED AGAIN, BUT WAS SOON CAPTURED.

BECAUSE THE DOCTOR HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER THE STATE LINE IN VIOLATION OF THE "LINDBERGH LAW," KUYKENDALL WAS GIVEN A LIFE SENTENCE IN ALCATRAZ.

NOTE: ALL FACTUAL DETAILS AND NAMES OF CENTRAL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE TRUE. MINOR INCIDENTS HAVE BEEN CONDENSED.

PITCHER BY FORCE

Jack Worth's wild pitch almost cost the championship.

Jack Worth opened the door to his hotel room and stepped back, a look of surprise on his face, as the man in the checked suit stepped over the threshold.

"I'm Doc Rigel," said the man, as Jack closed the door. "You're pitching for the Redwings Saturday, aren't you?"

Jack nodded. Rigel cleared his throat, offered Jack a cigarette, but Jack didn't take it.

"I understand your brother is at County Hospital for a serious leg operation." He hesitated a moment, but did not notice the crimson flush spreading across Jack's face. Rigel slipped his fingers into the inner pocket of his coat, drew forth a wallet.

"Here it is," he said. "One grand. There are a good many of us home town people that have a lot of dough on the Blue Sox."

Jack's fist swept in a hard and fast blow to Rigel's jaw. Rigel staggered against the wall, then collapsed to the floor.

"Bud's in the hospital," Jack snarled, "but he'd die right off if he even thought I'd throw the County championship because of him."

Rigel moved toward the door. He waited till he was passing into the hall, before he said: "Think it over, Worth. Phone me if you change your mind."

Jack Worth paced the floor for an hour, his brain whirling, his nerves weak. Finally he reached for the telephone, got the outside wire and dialed a number. Jack's back was to the door and he did not see Toby Smith, the Redwings' manager, enter the room.

"Hello, Doc?" Jack said. "I'd like to make an appointment to see you."

Jack turned with a start when Toby grabbed the telephone from his hand and yanked the cord from the bell box.

"You double-crossing rat!" Tony growled.

"Listen, Toby!" Jack pleaded. "Let me explain!"

Toby's stubby hands pounded the telephone table, his naturally florid face now looked like the shell of a boiled lobster. "You're through!" he screamed. "You won't pitch today or any other day for the Redwings! And don't argue! Moley Olsen will be on the mound for the Redwings tomorrow!"

That night Jack left the hotel with his suit case. As he stepped to the sidewalk he saw Olsen walking off the curb ahead of him.

"Moley!" he called. The relief pitcher turned and Jack came up to him, stood for a moment in the gutter beside him. At that

moment an approaching car swept for the curb into the no-parking space, where Jack and Moley stood.

"Look out!" Jack cried, and jumped clear. But Moley was too late. The car knocked down Moley and the rear wheel ran over his left leg. With its lights turned off, the car roared on into the night.

An hour before the game Jack went to Toby's room. The manager was pacing the floor like a caged lion, a cloud of cigar smoke swirling around his shoulders.

"I stayed over," Jack said. "I want to help you, Toby."

"I doped your stunt," Toby cracked. "By steering Moley into that car you thought you'd get another chance. I won't have you even if it means I'll have to pitch myself!"

Jack's answer was a left hook to Toby's jaw. As Toby thudded to the floor, Jack turned and opened the closet in Toby's room. Then he stuffed the limp form in the closet and closed the door.

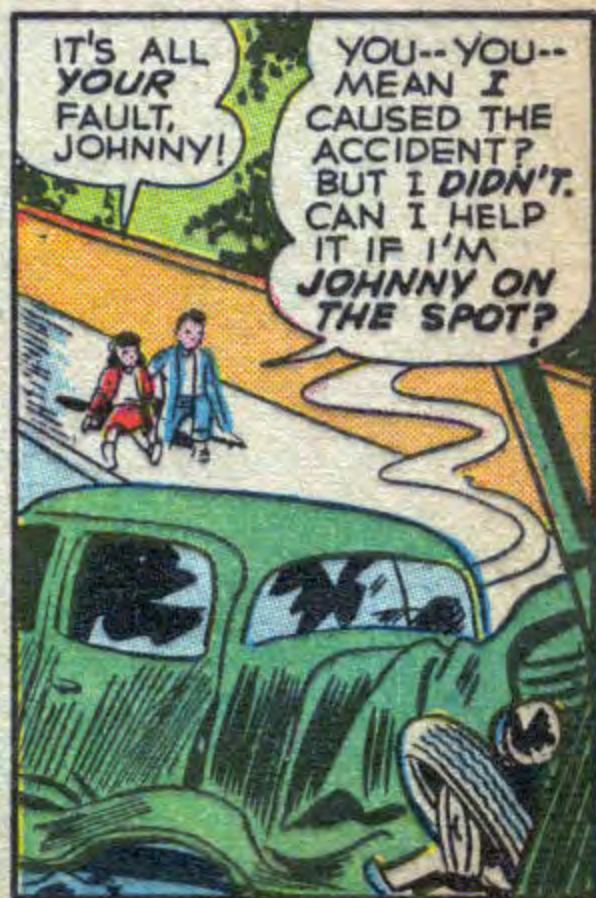
The score was three to two in favor of the Redwings in the last half of the ninth. Jack was on the mound. From where he stood he could see Doc Rigel sitting anxiously in the bleachers. Jack passed three men in a row and when he saw Toby come into the bull pen the bases were loaded and no outs. Rigel was grinning slyly. Jack sized up the situation.

He fanned the next man to the plate. The following man sent out a pop fly which Jack caught in a wild jump. The last man up sent a hot liner between Jack and short-stop. Jack made a mad lunge, swept the ball off the ground and winged it home for the out. He staggered a dizzy course going in from the field and fell in a heap near home plate.

Toby couldn't wait till Jack got out of the shower. "You did it!" Toby shouted. "But why didn't you tell me you had a bum arm?"

"You wouldn't let me," Jack answered. "I wasn't phoning Doc Rigel when you came to my room. I was calling Doc Andrews, a physician. I wrenched my pitching arm when I socked Doc Rigel!" Then Jack pointed toward the stand. Two detectives were taking the protesting Rigel off between them. "I recognized Rigel driving the hit-and-run car that struck Moley and reported it to the police. They found his car, but Rigel was gone. The dicks were in the stands, but I had to pass three guys before I got their attention to put the finger on him."

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT





CRIPES! JERKY SURE PILED THE HEAP ON THAT POST. HIM AND ROCHE CAN SPILL TO THE COPS FER ALL I CARE. I GOT THE PAYROLL!



WHAT'S THAT MAN RUNNING AWAY FOR, JOHNNY?

I'LL FIND OUT-- GORGEOUS! YOU CALL THE COPS-- THE AMBULANCE!



SLOW DOWN, CHUM! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT!

Woof! HEY-- LEGGO ME, YA DUMB JERK!!



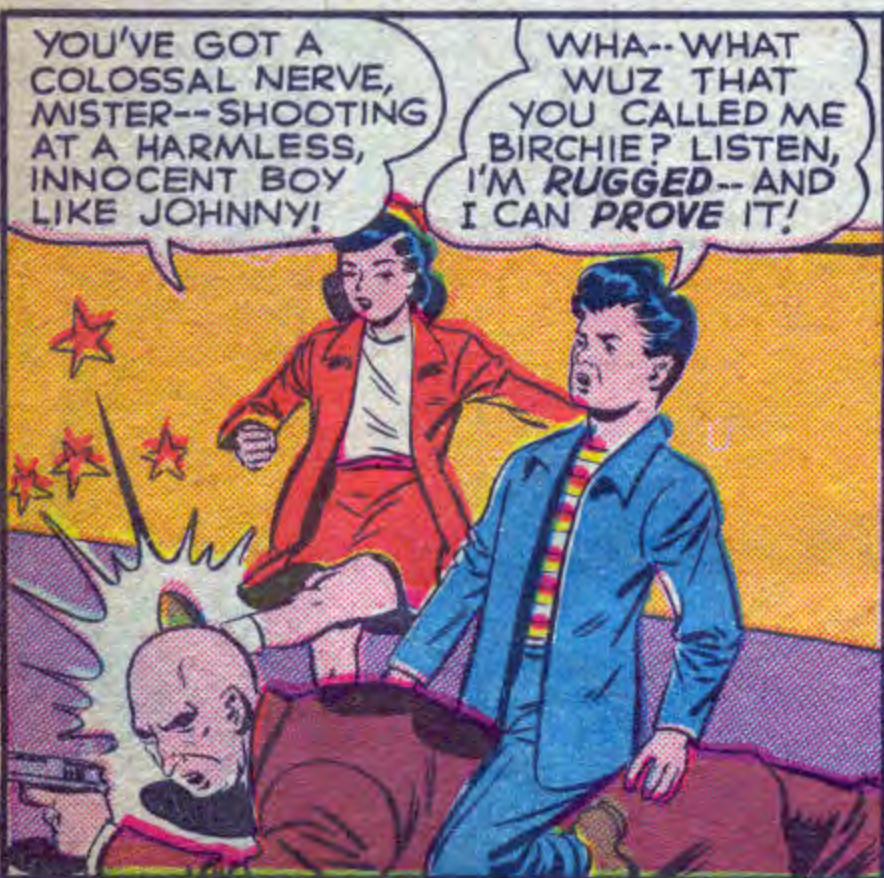
MAZZUMA! DOUGH! COIN OF THE REALM! HEY, WHERE'D YOU GET-- OH, OH! DON'T TELL ME! YOU PULLED A STICK-UP, HUH?

BUDDY, YOU CATCH WISE VERY FAST. TOO BAD YUH HAFTA DIE SO YOUNG!



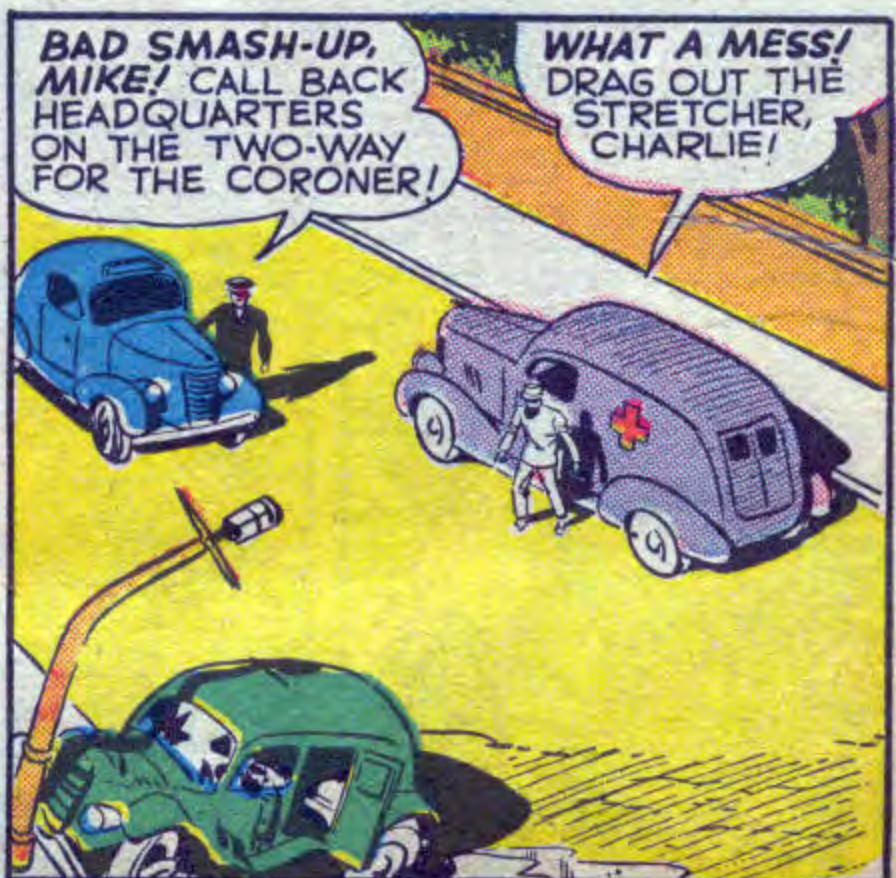
YUH DIDN'T LEARN YOUR LESSONS, PAL. SORRY-- IT'S TOO LATE, NOW!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE BUT YOU MUST'VE FLUNKED BIOLOGY IN REFORM SCHOOL, FELLA. EVER HEAR THE VERB, DUCK?



YOU'VE GOT A COLOSSAL NERVE, MISTER-- SHOOTING AT A HARMLESS, INNOCENT BOY LIKE JOHNNY!

WHA-- WHAT WUZ THAT YOU CALLED ME BIRCHIE? LISTEN, I'M RUGGED-- AND I CAN PROVE IT!



BAD SMASH-UP, MIKE! CALL BACK HEADQUARTERS ON THE TWO-WAY FOR THE CORONER!

WHAT A MESS! DRAG OUT THE STRETCHER, CHARLIE!



THIS ONE
STAGGERED
FROM THE
WRECK
DELIRIOUS?

HUH?

WELL, NOT
EXACTLY, DOC.
NOT UNTIL
BIRCHIE
DROP-KICKED
HIM IN THE
KISSER!



JUG-HEAD BRENNER,
THE STICK-UP
ARTIST! AND **YOU**
BOPPED HIM, JOHNNY
JENKINS! BOY-- YOU
DESERVE A **MEDAL!**

SHH!
NOT SO LOUD,
MR. MACNAMARA,
I TACKLED HIM,
BUT **BIRCHIE**
DELIVERED THE
COOP DE GRASS--
IF YUH GET WHAT
I MEAN!



SO! TRYING TO GRAB
ALL THE GLORY! IF
ANYONE'S GETTING A
MEDAL AROUND HERE,
IT'S **ME**, JOHNNY
JENKINS!

BUT BIRCHIE,
I THOUGHT
YOU WANTED
YOUR FAIR NAME
KEPT OUTTA THE
PAPERS. I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT
YOU--



AHA!
LUCKY INDEED!
THE BANDITS
CRASHED, LESTER.
I TRUST WE'LL
RECOVER THE
PAYROLL INTACT!

FORTUNATE, WE
FOLLOWED THE
SCOUNDRELS, SIR.
AND THE POLICE
ARE MAKING
AN ARREST!



-- STOP YOUR
GRANDSTANDING,
MY HERO! YOU
DID **YOUR** BIT.
LET'S HIT THE
TRAIL FOR THE
COKE CASTLE!

NAW, WAIT--
BIRCHIE! THAT GENT
OWNS THE
STOLEN
GREENBACKS.
MAYBE HE'LL
DONATE A TEN
TOWARD MY
RETIREMENT
FUND!



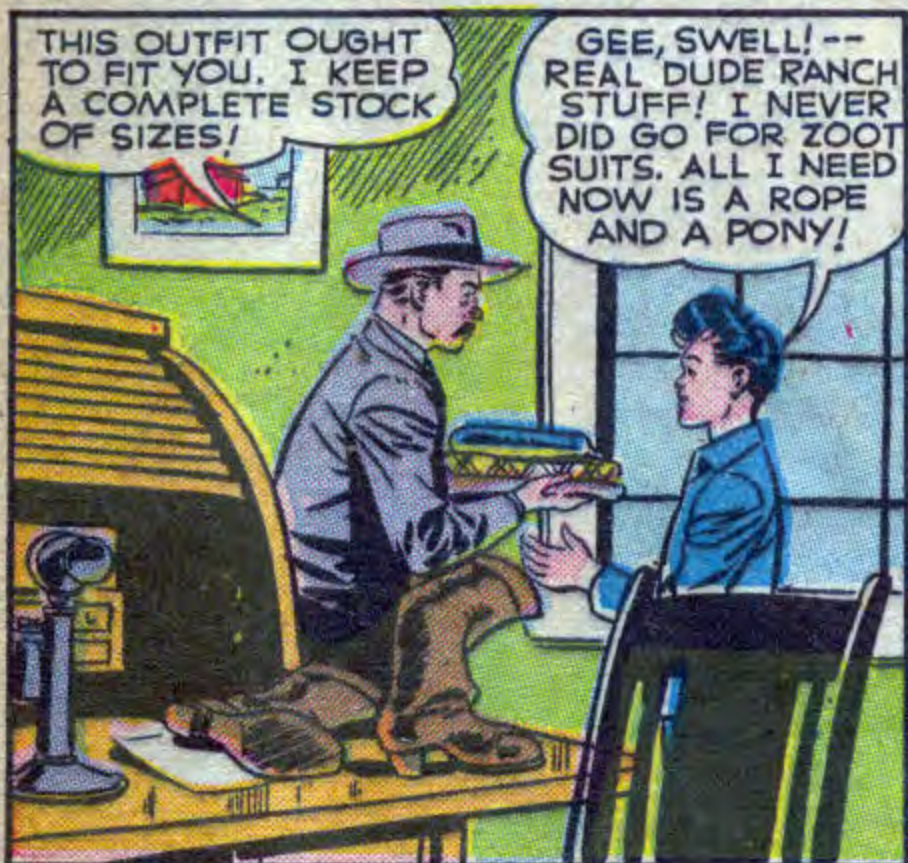
YOUNG MAN,
YOUR NOBLE
DEED MOVES
ME. COME
WITH ME
AND YOU
SHALL BE
AMPLY
REWARDED!

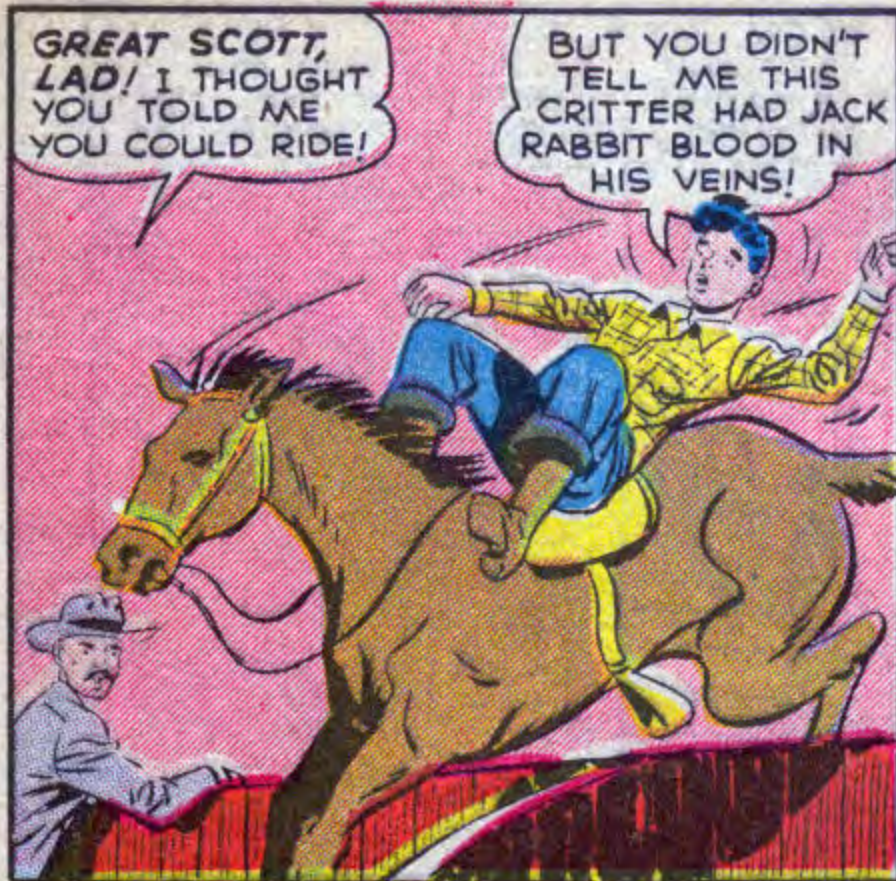
UH--
WHY, SURE!
YOU BET,
MISTER!



LOOK AT
HIM! LOOK
AT THAT
GLORY
GRABBER,
WILL YUH!

JOHNNY
STOOD HER
UP AGAIN,
GLORIA. I
SHALL TAKE
THE FELLOW
ASIDE AT THE
EARLIEST
POSSIBLE
MOMENT!





YOU WERE **THERE** AND DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED? A DOZEN WILD STEERS BROKE LOOSE AND ARE **STAMPEDING** DOWN CENTRE STREET!

HAMBURGERS ON THE HOOF DON'T INTEREST ME! I'LL TAKE MINE ON ROLL WITH MUSTARD-- M'LAD!

NO, YOU BETTER KEEP OUT OF THIS SWING SHOP SON. BIRCHIE'S WITHIN AND SHE'S GOT **MURDER** IN HER EYES!

OH YEAH? I THINK MAYBE SHE'S SORE. GO IN AND PLAY MY FAVORITE PLATTER!

MAN! THOSE SOUND EFFECTS SLAY ME! EVER HEAR THE POUNDING HOOF ON THE RIM OF THE CANYON?

SOUND EFFECTS-- MY EYE! FIVE THOUSAND RED RATION POINTS ON A RAMPAGE!

EEK! A MAD BULL! WE'LL BE GORED!!

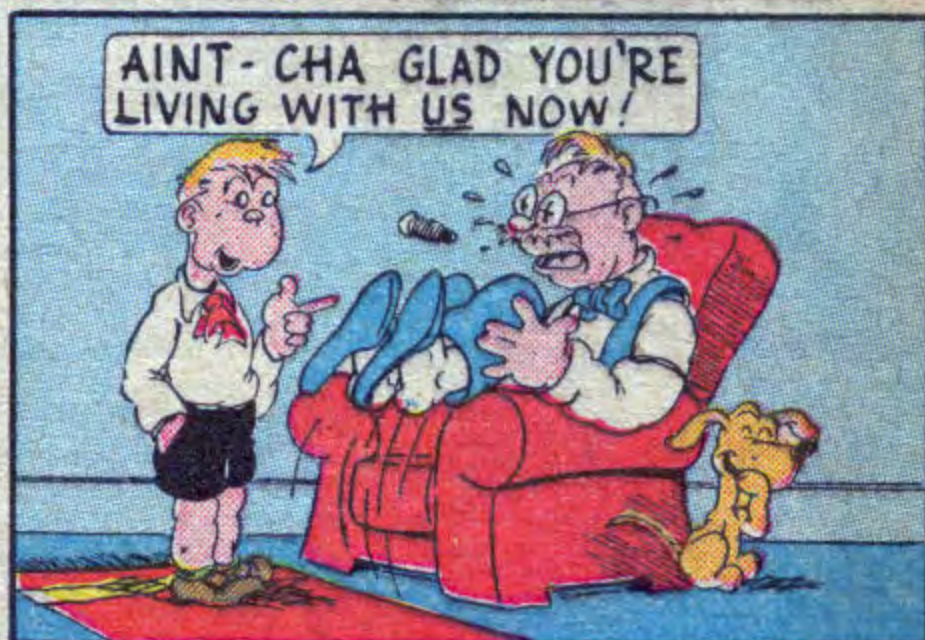
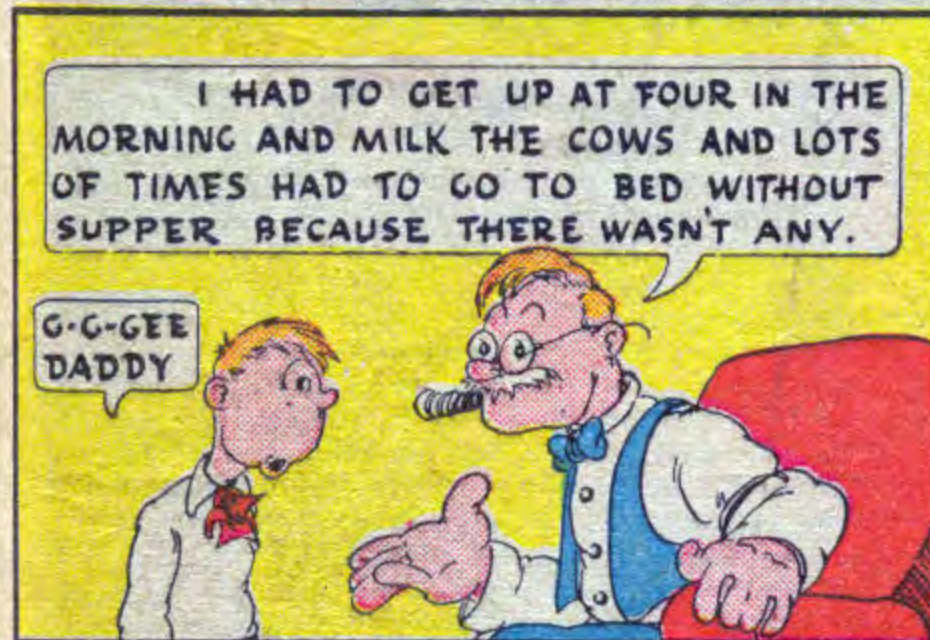
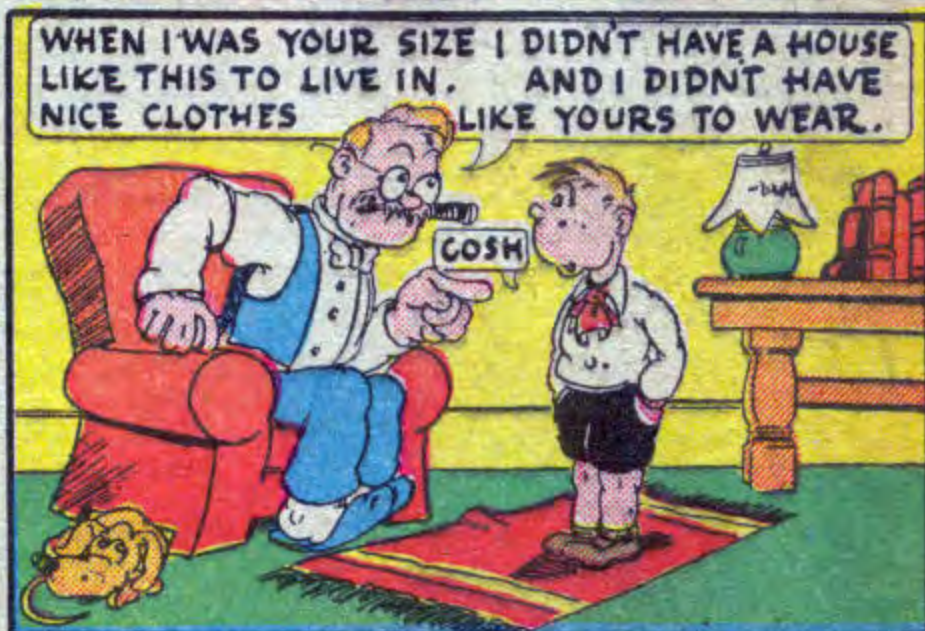
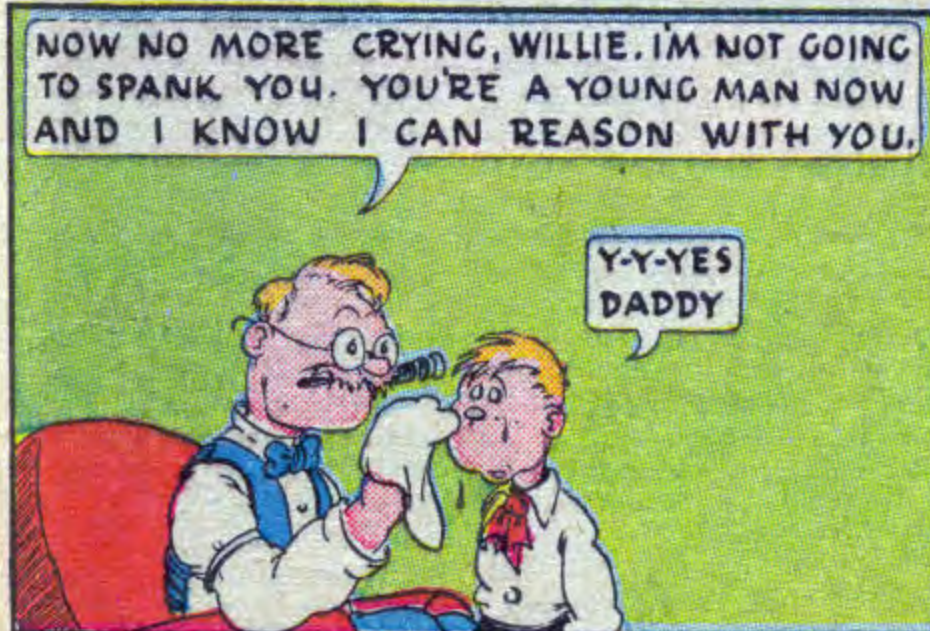
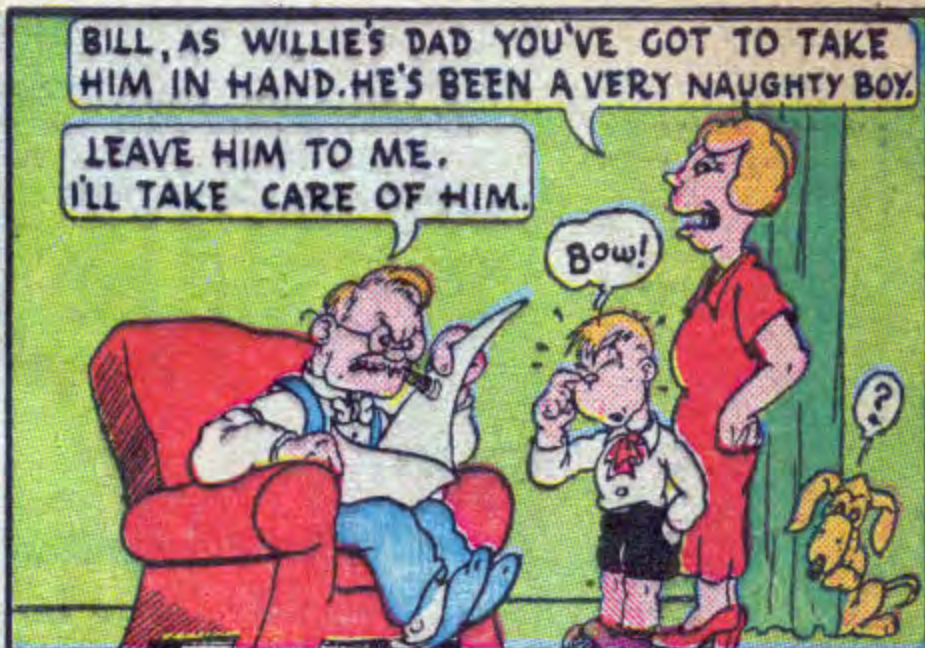
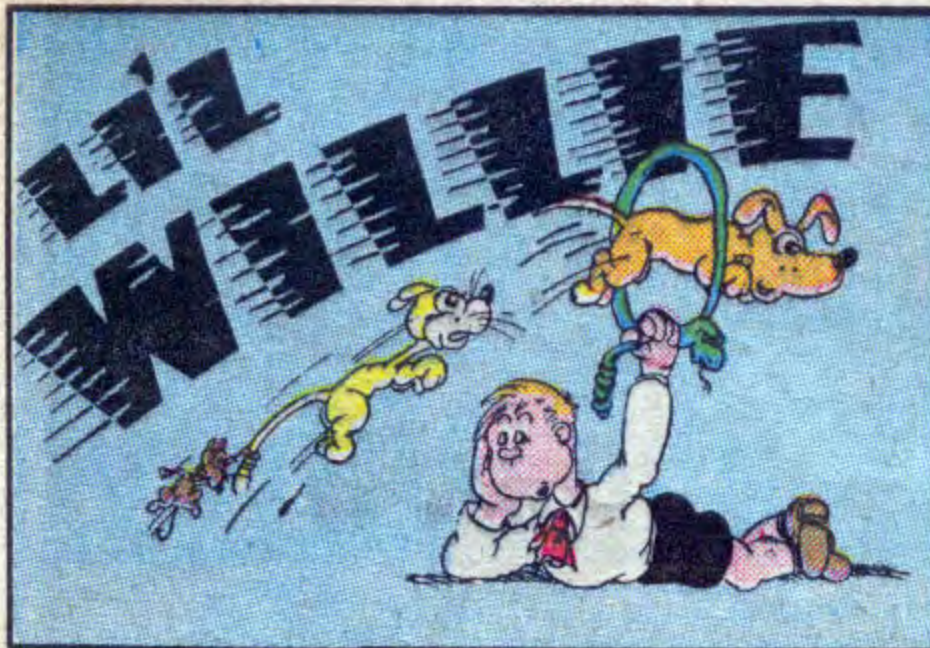
HELP! IF ONLY JOHNNY WERE HERE!

THAT'S THE STUFF, COWBOY! UH, HEY! IT'S **JOHNNY ON THE SPOT!**

QUIT THE QUIPS, COPPER AND HELP ME QUELL THIS QUAINT QUEECHER!

OH, JOHNNY! OH, JOHNNY! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!!

AMAZING, ROGER! A MINUTE AGO SHE WANTED TO BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF PUNCH Comics, published Quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for April 1, 1945.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc. and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, Dana E. Dutch, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Harry A. Chesler, Jr., On leave with U. S. Army; Arthur B. Chesler, On leave with U. S. Navy; Betty Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of February, 1945.
(SEAL)

JOSEPH BELL.
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1945)

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TIE BY DAY**



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TIE AT
NIGHT**



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FUN!**

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